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NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED

The Pleasures of the Past



**MARLOW, HUGHES
& HELL'S ANGELS**

**WHO WILL PLAY
SCARLETT O'HARA?**

A JAMES DEAN ALBUM

**A BACKWARD GLANCE
AT THE STRIPPERS**

**FLYIN' Cars That Take
You Back, Orphan Annie,
Sally Rand, & More...**

Mr. Nostalgia for small display
environments, see page 74.



The Great WC



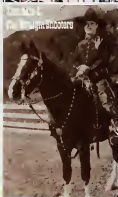
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Radio Drama Comes Back

The CBS Radio *Mystery Theater* showed them how and now they're all doing it. In early 1974, CBS tried something new, "a revival of interest in radio as it used to be", by adding the *Mystery Theater* to their programming seven days a week. After nearly four months, the show was completely sold out to advertisers four months into the future. Special rating surveys by the American Research Bureau in six of the largest cities indicated that every station which carried the 1/2 hour radio drama made substantial audience gains.

WOR, the station which carries the show in New York (the CBS affiliate has an all-news show) added still another series—the old "Fibber McCee and Molly" shows. And the Mutual Broadcasting System renewed "Hollywood Radio Theater—Zero Hour" for another thirteen weeks, changing it only to make each 1/2 hour a complete drama in the successful CBS format.



The ratings for "Mystery Theater" indicated that a large percentage of the audience were 18 to 49 years old, a favorite audience for most advertisers using radio and television. And that can only be good news for radio drama.

Abolish Bread and Water

The bread and water meal for prisoners was abolished in British prisons last June. Instead of the old, steeped-in-tradition punishment, the British will now use more modern methods to deal with infractions of prison discipline—loss of earnings, or forfeit reductions in sentences for good behavior.

Nostalgia '74

Buster Crabbe, star of the Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers and Tarzan movies and many westerns, appeared at the Playboy Towers in Chicago at Nostalgia '74 on August 10 and 11. Crabbe showed clips of his films and talked about "the good old days." A film festival including many of Crabbe's hits was a part of the program. Other films shown were the complete Captain Marvel serial starring Tom Tyler, and some Laurel & Hardy movies. Among the wares shown at the convention were comic books, pulp magazines, big little books, etc.

The Last Waltz

The Wurlitzer Company turned out its last jukebox in 1974, ending 40 years of production. The factory will now be used to manufacture electronic organs.



The Last Note

The singing telegram is gone; gone the way of the dodo bird and the passenger pigeon. On June 2, at midnight, in San Francisco, the last chance to send your love a singing telegram was gone. During the sixteen months preceding the demise in California, all the other states had discontinued the 40-year-old service.

Why? It appears the singing telegram was the victim of poor demand and the difficulty of finding employees willing to sing the cryptic sentiments.

The first singing telegram according to Western Union was sent in 1934 to Rudy Vallee at a New York nightclub. He was stunned, according to reports.

Update

Jack Dempsey, the former heavyweight boxing champion, has had a restaurant in Manhattan for 37 years. Recently his Broadway establishment faced a possible end, for Dempsey's Restaurant was threatened with eviction. But Dempsey fought and won. He delivered at least a temporary knockout to the landlords when the legal decision went in his favor. Not only did he get to stay for a while, but he was also forgiven back rent of about \$6,400 a month which he had owed since July 1973. He had to start paying rent again on May 1, 1974. A new lease is being worked out.

Betty Hutton, who has been work-

ing as a cook in a Rhode Island parish since she was overcome by personal troubles, was given a benefit by fans and friends at the Riverboat restaurant in New York, organized by columnist Earl Wilson and publicist Arthur Riback (for the Riverboat) it was ostensibly to benefit the parish for which she has been working. Among the stars and friends who attended were Joey Adams, George Jessel, Henny Youngman, Arlene Dahl, George DeWitt, and the Barrie Sisters. Joe Franklin, a New York talk show host said: "All the great ladies had powerful men behind them—Dietrich had von Sternberg, Carbo had von Stiller and you had nobody." However,

(cont.)

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according to Robert McG. Thomas Jr., in the *New York Times*, "when Miss Hutton went onstage to thank the 400 paying guests, it was obvious she was not alone."



Paul Winchell (of the Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney Show, 1956) who is both a ventriloquist and inventor was recently granted a patent for a process to facilitate the production of animated cartoons and film features. The patent says the invention is "an inexpensive means to provide animation of very high quality and competitive cost, and is capable of providing modified portraiture of actual

persons, with enhanced backgrounds and foregrounds. Among his earlier inventions are medical devices, including an artificial heart, which is being used successfully in experiments with calves at the University of Utah; and various household appliances.

Jeremiah Johnson (portrayed by Robert Redford in the movie of the same name) finally got to rest where he wanted to. His real name was John "Liver Eating" Johnston and he roamed the Absaroka Mountains during the era of the mountain men. On January 22, 1900 at the age of 78, Johnson died in a California home for soldiers and was buried in Sawtelle Veterans Cemetery near Los Angeles. He had wanted to be buried in the great Northwest, but he was penniless and had to wait seventy-four years to be moved to a sagebrush Wyoming prairie at the edge of the Shoshone River near Buffalo Heart Mountain. Mr. Johnson's benefactors are a Gody artist and archeologist, Robert Edgar and a seventh-grade class at the Park View Junior High School in Lancaster, California.

No More Homesteading

Alaska officially withdrew the remaining 15 million acres of "open-to-entry" lands this year. Under the Homestead Act of 1862, a prospective land owner could stake out up to 160 acres of public land designated for homesteading. The only stipulations were that 20 acres of the land had to be farmed, and homesteaders had to live on their land for at least seven months a year for three years. Alaska was the last state to offer homesteading land for free.

Twenty-First Century Dirigibles?

Senator Barry Goldwater urged the nation to take "a second look" at the possible merit of building fleets of dirigibles. The Senator said the airships could be used as "launching platforms for intercontinental missiles," or to carry huge loads—such as entire homes and buildings. Dirigibles were used in the twenties and thirties until a number of mishaps caused an almost total decline in their use.

A Fleeting Fad

Gone into the annals of recent nostalgia, it seems, is the flesh-fad of streaking. Joining the goldfish swallows, the telephone booth stuffers, and the panty raiders, are the nude cuties who used to flash their wares to a sometimes startled, but often delighted public. Why did it stop? According to Dr. Joyce Brothers, "a fad has to appeal to mind and muscle. The challenge of finding new and unusual ways to streak was no longer there. It no longer appealed to the mind."

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WHO WILL PLAY SCARLETT O'HARA?

By Parker Hodges

Warner Brothers offered a package deal, Errol Flynn for Rhett and Bette Davis for Scarlett.

It seemed to David O. Selznick that every female star but Marie Dressler wanted to play Scarlett O'Hara, green-eyed Georgia temptress, heroine of the book that overenthusiastic critics were calling America's *War and Peace*. Selznick had paid \$50,000 for the movie rights to *Gone With the Wind*—an astounding price for 1936—and he was determined that Margaret Mitchell's Civil War extravaganza should be as great a success on the screen as it had been in the book career; almost two million hard-bound copies were sold within a year of its publication. But he was worried. If he made the picture too soon, he'd be damned by a public

that wanted the impossible—every scene of their 1,037 page favorite filmed intact, nothing left out, nothing changed. Impossible. The film would last for days. If he waited long enough for memories to mellow a bit, chances were that the fickle public would swarm to some new romantic sensation. He had to keep Scarlett and Rhett alive in the nation's heart. Tara, Twelve Oaks, Atlanta in flames must not vanish. So, in his fertile, Hollywood imagination, the Talent Hunt was born. He'd find an unknown to play the magical Scarlett, make a new star, and, at the same time, save the large salary he'd have to pay an established star to play the part. The gim-



Bette Davis, true to herself as always, refused to play opposite Errol Flynn.



Loretta Young was one of the many stars who tested for the coveted role.



Lucille Ball drove through a Southern California rainstorm to do her testing.

mick worked. Talent scouts swept the country. Director George Cukor was mobbed as he toured the south looking for Scarlett. Snapshots of pretty girls poured into the offices of Selznick International, some of the pictures showing the would-be-Scarletts clad as they were when they left their mothers' wombs. A seven-foot-tall mock-up of a copy of *Gone With the Wind* was delivered to Selznick's front door. Out of the enormous volume sprang a young, hoop-skirted woman proclaiming for all of Beverly Hills to hear, "I am your Scarlett O'Hara."

Meanwhile Selznick flooded his subordinates with memos. Norma Shearer, the cool, beautiful widow of producer Irving Thalberg, was announced as a possible Scarlett. The public, both Shearer's and

in Nebraska; she straggled into Hollywood and shot three tests within 24 hours before she flew back East in time to make her Monday night curtain. Edythe Marrener also came West to film a screen test. Even though she failed the test for Scarlett, the New York millinery model stayed in Hollywood, changing her name to Susan Hayward.

Rhett was also a problem. Cable, Clark Cable or forget the picture, the public seemed to be saying. But Cable was signed to M-C-M, and Selznick knew he'd have to move heaven and earth to get to top-grossing star for Rhett. Besides, Louis B. Mayer, head of M-C-M, was Selznick's father-in-law, a relationship neither cherished, and to go begging, hat in hand to that stubby little tyrant was a task impossible for

More than 1,400 women were interviewed; 59 actresses made full-scale tests at the studio.

Scarlett's, was outraged. She was too much the lady to play the mix that was Scarlett. Miss Shearer grandly informed her fans that of course she would not stoop to such brazen fol-de-rol, and the trial balloon deflated as fast as it had risen. Joan Crawford was mentioned, fleetingly. Selznick toyed with the idea of casting Tallulah Bankhead—she had not yet become the boozy, exhibitionistic caricature of later years—and the stage star dashed to a flight from New York after her Saturday night performance in *Reflected Glory*, and was grounded by a storm

Selznick to imagine. Selznick first spoke to Ronald Colman, the suave English star of *Tale of Two Cities* and *Prisoner of Zenda*. If the accent problem could be licked, Selznick thought Colman could make a go of it. And Colman was already under contract to Selznick International; money could be saved. But Colman proved too effete. More names appeared on the roster as Selznick and Cukor puzzled through the star system. Cary Cooper, Errol Flynn and the unattainable Cable. Cooper was signed with Sam Goldwyn who wouldn't lend him to Selznick for the



Katharine Hepburn refused to test and she was out of the running.



Joan Bennett was one of the six actresses being considered by *Thanksgiving*, 1938.

part. The list narrowed. By January of 1937 Selznick was writing to a colleague, "One of our strongest possibilities for the lead in *Gone With the Wind* is Errol Flynn." Warner Brothers offered Selznick a package deal—Errol Flynn for Rhett and Bette Davis for Scarlett. Selznick was ready to buy it, but Bette, true to herself as always, decided that no matter how much she coveted the role of Scarlett, she couldn't play opposite Flynn; he wasn't good enough in her opinion. Attain the unattainable Cable, fate seemed to insist. So in 1938 Selznick visited his wife's father. He left the meeting with Cable locked up, but he was forced to surrender much to obtain his big-eared star. M-C-M got the right to distribute the film and fully half of the future profits from the venture. Unfortunately, no one had bothered to consult Cable, and Cable was fit to be tied: "I was scared when I discovered that I had been cast by the public. I felt that

every reader would have a different idea as to how Rhett should be played on the screen, and I didn't see how I could please everybody." A \$100,000 bonus soon changed Gable's mind; he needed cash to buy a divorce so he could marry the lovely, blonde mad-cap, Carole Lombard. The first of the leads was cast; the public was delighted.

Scarlett still proved elusive. More than 1,400 women were interviewed and filmed; 59 actresses made full-scale tests at the studio. Lana Turner, Paulette Goddard, Kath-

Joan Fontaine was not about to play a role that was second fiddle to Scarlett. She recommended her sister



arine Hepburn, Joan Bennett were considered. Even Lucille Ball, then a contract player at RKO—a studio she later purchased with her *I Love Lucy* money—read for the part of Scarlett. Miss Ball drove through a Southern California cloudburst to her reading. Soaked, she waited for Selznick, studying a script she had spread out on a low coffee table. Emoting in her best compote accent, she slipped to her knees to get a better look at her lines, and was surprised when Selznick walked in and said, according to Bob Thomas in Selznick, "That was a very good reading, Miss Ball. Please go on." It wasn't until after she had read all three of her scenes that she realized she had played the entire audition on her knees. Jean Arthur, Loretta Young, Ann Sheridan were tested. Still no Scarlett to inflame the heart of Rhett Butler and capture the imagination of the public.

Casting Ashley Wilkes, son of Twelve Oaks and Scarlett's first love,

Norma Shearer was announced as a possible Scarlett. The public was outraged.

was not quite so difficult a task. But a Twelve Oaks, *al fresco* picnic it was not. Almost from the first, Selznick and Cukor had decided on Leslie Howard; it was virtually type casting for the actor who had specialized in portraying sensitive, articulate aristocrats. But, unexpectedly, Howard was sick and tired of being sensitive and aristocratic. "I haven't the slightest intention of playing another weak, watery character such as Ashley Wilkes. I've played enough ineffectual characters already," Selznick began testing other actors. Lew Ayres, star of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, wanted

the part. Melvyn Douglas was proposed. Robert Young, Ray Milland, Shepherd Strudwick, Richard Carlson, Selznick: "I am as depressed about the Ashley situation as I am about Scarlett and Melanie..." Even his first choice for Ashley no longer pleased him: "If we don't find a new Ashley, I suppose our best possibilities, depressing as it seems, are Leslie Howard and Melvyn Douglas. All we have to do is line up a complete cast of such people as Hepburn and Leslie Howard, and we can have a lovely picture for release eight years ago."

But schedules were already being



The public wanted Gable but he was signed to MGM. Errol Flynn was strongly considered, but lost out eventually. At bottom right, Leslie Howard specialized in playing roles like Ashley Wilkes, sensitive and aristocratic.



"David, I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara," Vivien Leigh, flames lighting her face, stood before him.



Greta Garbo, with her liquid eyes and her undeniable talent, was the perfect Melanie.



Selznick toyed with the idea of casting Tallulah Bankhead as the Southern Belle.

fiction writing, film production—and the canny Hollywood business man made an offer the English aesthete could not refuse. Howard could be associate producer on a later Selznick film, *Intermezzo*—if he agreed to play Ashley.

Half of the stellar quartet Selznick needed for his masterpiece was sewed up. And, still, no perfect Scarlett was ready to beguile the Tarleton twins in the opening shot of the film. David Selznick had not, however, let his casting difficulties damage his sense of humor. One story, perhaps apocryphal, has it that David and his agent brother Myron invited the front-running candidates to a grand dinner party at Myron's home in the mountains near Lake Arrowhead. A bus bearing wines, an orchestra and lavish hors d'oeuvres picked up the ladies, not one of whom knew that the other stars were also in the running for Scarlett, at David's home to ferry them in style to the gala. As Bob Thomas tells it, "All of the Scarletts appeared for dinner in their loveliest gowns, and the gay laughter resounded through the towering pines. But then the laughter turned hollow when one or two of the famous actresses studied the

amused faces of David and Myron. A glance around the gathering revealed the nature of the brothers' jest. The word quickly spread, and the frivolity turned into rancorous indignation." By Thanksgiving of 1938 Selznick had cut the field to six actresses: Katharine Hepburn, Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, Paulette Goddard and a relative newcomer, Doris Jordan. Katharine Hepburn refused to test: "If you don't know whether I can act by now, you never will!" she told Selznick. She was out of the running. Paulette Goddard's tests were good. Loretta Young's weren't quite what Selznick wanted; she was dropped from the list. Doris

(Continued on page 37)



Katharine Hepburn tested for the role. She lost the part, but gained a new name—Susan Hayward.

set. Filming could not be delayed much longer. Under the terms of Gable's contract, Selznick had to start shooting no later than February 15, 1939. And so, depressing or not, late in 1938 Selznick admitted he could do no better for Ashley than his original choice. How then, to convince the balky Briton? Money was not the answer. But Selznick knew that Howard's true ambition lay in what the actor thought were more creative fields—journalism,

THE DAY LOU GEHRIG SAID GOODBYE

By Jay Acton

"I'm going to remember this day for a long time."

On May 2, 1939 the longest playing streak in baseball history came to an end. Lou Gehrig, the great first baseman of the New York Yankees who was batting an anemic .143, removed himself from the lineup ending a consecutive string of games that stretched back some fourteen seasons.

Gehrig's remarkable and probably never to be equalled feat of 2130 games was over.

Gehrig entered the hospital for tests shortly after that. He had not been feeling well for sometime. His timing was off and he had had difficulty with his coordination. He had trouble hitting the ball out of the

infield and his fielding prowess, once the pride of the Yankees, was only a shadow of his former ability.

Six weeks later the doctors at the Mayo Clinic diagnosed the ailing Gehrig as having a form of infantile paralysis. Gehrig returned to the Yankees and spent the remainder of the season riding the bench as a non-





playing captain. He knew and the Yankees knew that it would be his last season.

To honor "The Iron Horse" the Yankees scheduled a "Lou Gehrig Day" for July 4, 1939 with ceremonies to be held between games of a doubleheader against the Washington Senators.

On a day when 250,000 were visiting the 1939 New York World's Fair, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia was dedicating a housing project in Brooklyn, and President Franklin Roosevelt was urging the Senate to overturn the arms embargo it had voted against nations at war, over 61,000 loyal Yankee fans had assembled in The House That Ruth Built to say goodbye to the Sultan of Swat's longtime teammate, the man who hit cleanup behind Ruth for so many years.

The day got off to a rather desultory start as the Yankees lost the first

Mayor F. H. LaGuardia greeting Gehrig on "Lou Gehrig Day" at Yankee Stadium, July 4, 1939. In the background are former members of the Yankee team. Babe Ruth is seen in white suit, clapping his hands, at left

game to the Senators 3-2. However, this did not dampen the spirit of the large crowd who had come to pay their respects to Gehrig.

As soon as the first game was over and the players left the field, a dozen men, soberly attired in the best fashions of the day, made their way from the Yankee dugout on the first base side of the infield. These distinguished-looking men, whose mien made them seem more like bankers and businessmen than anything else, were Gehrig's former teammates, including the nucleus of the powerful 1927 club which many

contend was the best baseball team of all time.

During the 1927 season Ruth hit his legendary 60 home runs. He drew a larger salary—\$80,000—than the President of the United States. Ruth remained unfazed when the fact was called to his attention. "Why not?" he is reported to have said, "I had a better year than he did."

The 1927 season was Gehrig's third full season with the Yankees (for which he received \$7,500). He hit 52 home runs, second only to Ruth's 60, knocked in 175 runs to Ruth's 164 and he hit .373 to Ruth's .356. Gehrig was named the league's Most Valuable Player and he and Ruth led the Yankees to a four game sweep (the first time it had ever been done) over the Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series.

As the aging ex-Yankee warriors crossed the first-base line most of the

Baseball would never see his like again. The Iron Horse was dead at 37.

crowd recognized them and were on their feet cheering. Captain Sutherland's Seventh Regiment Marching band provided the music as the group made its way to the speaker's platform that had been setup.

There was the already immortal Ruth who had retired four years previously. Outfielder Bob Mussel who had hit .337 on that 1927 team had come all the way from his home in California. Walt Hoyt, who had won 22 games for the team that season was there.

Other teammates included Wally Schang, Benny Bengough, Tony Lazzeri, Jumping Joe Dugan, Mark Koenig, Bob Shawkey and Herb Pennock.

Two former teammates were more closely connected to Gehrig's exploits. Wally Pipp, had been the regular Yankee first baseman until that fateful day in 1925 when he asked to sit out a game because of a headache. "Azyone has an aspirin?" he asked his mates. The answer to his entreaty is not known but for the next fourteen seasons until the onset of his own tragic illness Gehrig was the Yankee first baseman. Deacon Everett Scott, the ex-Yankee shortstop, was the man who had his own consecutive playing streak topped by Gehrig.

The 1927 Yankees strolled into the outfield where they raised the World Series banner they had won in such style from the Pirates some thirteen seasons earlier. Belatedly joining them was the only member of the team still in a Yankee uniform, Earle Combs had been an outfielder who hit .356 that season. Now he was a Yankee coach.

Gehrig's former teammates then returned to the infield, where they were joined by the present Yankee and Senator teams who ringed the diamond. The old Yankees were introduced.

Then the crowd grew quiet in anticipation as Gehrig slowly made his way to the gathering. The clapping began in the outer reaches of the stadium and soon the thunderous ovation rocked the grandstand. Gehrig stood quietly, head bowed, a won smile on his face.

When the cheering died down, the presentation of gifts began. His

teammates presented him with a silver trophy, a foot and a half high with the following verse inscribed upon it:

TO LOU GEHRIG

*We've been to the wars together,
We took our foes as they came,
And always you were the leader,
And ever you played the game.*

*Idol of cheering millions,
Records are yours by the shames,
Iron of frame they hailed you,
Decked you with laurel leaves.*

*But higher than that we hold you,
We who have known you best,
Knowing the way you came through
Every human test.*

*Let this be a silent token,
Of lasting friendship's gleam,
And all that we've left unspeaken,
Your pals of the Yankee team.*

The presentation was made to Gehrig by manager Joe McCarthy who also was at Gehrig's elbow during the ceremony to support him when the emotional impact of the event threatened to overwhelm him.

Mayor LaGuardia, fresh from his housing dedication, extended the city's thanks for Gehrig's achievements and concluded his speech: "You are the greatest prototype of

good sportsmanship. Lou, we're proud of you." Postmaster General James Farley also saluted the stricken first baseman: "For generations to come, boys who play baseball will point with pride to your record."

Finally the time came for Gehrig to address the huge throng. Tears filled his eyes which he kept firmly fastened on the ground. After a few moments, he began to speak, slowly and evenly.

He thanked the fans and then he invoked a litany of baseball figures past and present; the late Colonel Jacob Rupert, owner of the Yankees, who had signed him fresh out of Columbia; his first manager, the late Miller Huggins; and his Yankee teammates, past and present.

"What young man," he asked, "wouldn't give anything to mingle with such men for a single day as I have for all these years. You've been reading about my bad break for weeks now. But today I think I am the luckiest man alive. I now feel much more than ever that I have much to live for."

Gehrig stepped back from the microphone and began to weep. Ruth stepped forward to comfort him and took the microphone in hand. He recalled memories of happier days. In his inimitable, bluster-

(Continued on page 27)



The thunderous ovation rocked the grandstand; Gehrig stood quietly, head bowed.



A BACKWARD GLANCE AT THE STRIPPERS

By David Tahlaquah

The great American Art was born, it appears, at the Winter Garden Theater in 1922. It was an immediate success and was credited by some to be the salvation of "burlesque" which was, until the strip came along, variously defined as a broad play in the classical sense based upon ridicule and exaggeration and—especially in the US—as a variety show with bawdy sketches. When the strip tease was introduced, the whole concept of burlesque was changed. No longer were the comedy teams in the burlesque show the big attraction. The main show now were the burlesque queens, who would prance around the stage behind feathers or bubbles to cries of "Take it off, take it all off!"

In a historical sense, 1922 was certainly not the first strip tease act. Cleopatra used an effective version of the tease when she was unrolled from an oriental rug in front of Caesar and got Egypt. There was Salome and her dance of the seven veils, which got her John the Baptist's head on a plate. And De Lorelei sat on a rock in the Rhine and caused shipwrecks.

But in America, the strip was performed for more mundane reasons—fun and profit. No countries, no heads, no shipwrecks. One of the most successful of the early strippers was Sally Rand, the fan dancer who livened up the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, and the bubble dancer who popped a few at the 1934 fair.

A brief seminar on Applied Sensual Communications.

Sally became famous with her fan dance at the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago, but in 1934, she made a new bid for fame at the Fair without the fan. She danced with nothing between her and the audience but a six foot bubble, and sometimes the bubble floated away as bubbles do.

It was reported in April of 1974 that the 70 year old Miss Rand would appear on the stage of the Music Center in the same basic format that she made famous in the 30s. She reported that she kept in shape by "streaking daily." If she did appear, no report of the event reached the press.

Opposite page, Sally Rand holds aloft her famous bubble at the 1934 World's Fair which had replaced her fans from the previous year, shown right.





Ann Corio as she appeared in 1941 (top right) and in 1964 (left - top, bottom). She is shown with comic Harry Cosloy in the successful "This Was Burlesque."



In 1941, Ann Corio was one of the prettiest and one of the best of the strippers. She retired the next year. Twenty years later, in March of 1962, Ann Corio opened in "This Was Burlesque" at the Casino East Theater in New York. The show was launched on \$16,000 capital at a time when most people believed the art to be dead. But two years later, and a lot richer, Ann Corio was still showing New Yorkers that burlesque wasn't completely dead. Of course, it wasn't the real McCoy. New York officialdom had become more

prudish over the years, and so burlesque was dressed up and cleaned up for the uptight Sixties.

FOR SALE

SHERY BRITTON'S GEMS OF BURLESQUE ABOUT SIXTY MEN'S & GIRL'S COSTUMES, VELVET & LAME GOWNS, 6 OSTRICH STOLEES, etc. MANY PROPS INC. 2 RUBBLE MACHINES \$250.

An ad found in a June 1974 Variety, a must for collector of Burlesque nostalgia.

The most famous name of all in the world of stripping is that of Gypsy Rose Lee.

Fran Sinatra, Dee Pontius, Jo Lynn, Peeler Lawford, Toni Curtis, Phil Silvers, Pinky Lee, Joe Pule, Jay C. Flippen, Georgia Southern—these were all names used by strippers. But perhaps the most famous name of all is that of Gypsy Rose Lee who is reputed to have once said: "I never put off tomorrow what I can put off today."

After a sojourn in the films under the name of Louise Hovick, Gypsy Rose Lee returned to her "art of undressing" in San Francisco. During her long and distinguished career, Gypsy wrote mystery stories, stripped, appeared in plays and movies and eventually captured the eyes and ears of the world with her book *Gypsy* which became both a successful play and movie.

Gypsy in 1941 (bottom left) and in 1936, shown in her Beaux Arts Ball costume for that year.



The British didn't really get to join the fun until fifteen years later. Diana Raye, 19, was an American strip-tease who appeared in April of 1937 at the Victorian Palace Vaudeville Theater. From behind a slightly transparent curtain, with the dimmest of blue lights playing on the ink-dark stage, Miss Raye appeared to the audience. She smilingly threw a voluminous chiffon cape back from her shoulders and then, making rapidly for the wings, took off a split skirt and showed her thigh at the exit.

That was the signal for the audience to applaud and Diana would flatter back in for additional stripping. But the British didn't know what they were supposed to do—according to the rules of stripping as had been worked out in the States—so there was a somewhat embarrassing, silent pause. Not really knowing what to do, Diana finally wandered back onto the stage. The dim blue lights went even dimmer and Diana dropped the front of her dress revealing a thick net foundation covering her body,



Diana Raye, who introduced the strip in the British in 1937. Jolly good!

which was heavily splattered with bright, glittering spangles.

The critics in England termed her act as "More tease than strip."

It wasn't until 1957, when stripping was on its way out in the States that the strip was exported to Paris. It was not a novelty for a nude girl to appear on the stage in France; they had done so for many years, but the slow strip was a new element. And it caused the Callie brows and hearts to flutter. Strict rules were set down for the strippers:

1. There could be no partners.
2. The girl could not hold an object (other than her own garments) as she disrobes.

So much for Cay Parea.

There has even been a College of Strip Tease—The Flak Pussyeat. Professor Sally Marr who, among other things, was fifty-two years old and the mother of Lenny Bruce, ran the school. The charge was \$100.00 for the ten session curriculum. One of the required courses was "The History & Theory of the Striptease and the Psychology of Inhibition." The majors included Applied Sensual Communications, Dynamic Mammary, and Pelvis Rotation.



Blaze Starr, Baltimore's famed, fiery burlesque queen—and writer.

There have been a lot of followers of the strip-tease—or the burlesque as it is more politely called—among them it appears was former Vice-President Spiro Agnew. According to Jack Anderson, Blaze Starr—the famed, fiery burlesque queen—acknowledged that Agnew was a "steady customer" at her Baltimore strip joint, the Two O'Clock Club, during Agnew's county executive days. "She recalls him as a quiet man who sat in a corner, minding his own business."

In a footnote to the Agnew story in his column, Anderson elaborated on the story: "We obtained a draft copy of an autobiography Blaze Starr is writing for the Praeger publishing house. She doesn't mention Agnew, but recounts a romantic interlude with Philadelphia's law-and-order Mayor Frank Rizzo. Reached at his office in Philadelphia, Mayor Rizzo fumed that the story 'absolutely is not true.' The publishers told us that they gave Blaze Starr a lie detector test about the Rizzo revelations before accepting her manuscript. She passed the test completely, they said."



THEY...THEY...
THEY'VE
FOUND
US, SANDY!

HAROLD
GRAY

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE VS. THE GREAT TIME WARP

By Bob Abel

Whoosieet see ya can't go home again? Or, more properly, who says you can't go home again? Thomas Wolfe, meet Little Orphan Annie.

Well, truth to tell, Annie isn't

going all the way home—that is, back to her place of origin. She's gone back to her locale of March 1936, a small town called Butternut and, more specifically, the home of Jack Boot. Mr. Boot is an elderly

cobbler who befriends Annie, who is on the run as per usual, and gives her shoes and shelter. The friendship blossoms—"Yesterday the dam of restraint broke and Annie and Jack Boot said what was in their hearts"

Leapin' Lizards—a comic strip first! The strip would aim to progress by looking backwards.

—and Annie becomes Boot's "niece." But no Lolitaque arrangements here, dirty minds, 'cause Annie is there to help defeat the bad guys and leave Jack Boot in better shape at the end of the sequence than when she first met him. She is, after all, the Gray Blud of Happiness.

When Harold Gray, creator of *Little Orphan Annie*, began the strip in 1924, his newspaper moppet embarked on adventures which were to make her as popular as any young lady in the land—"twinkle toes" Temple not excepted. Annie would hitchhike along the main highway between Good and Evil and, despite the travails of her journey through time, never grow a day older or lose her sense of innocence. Her readers would grow older, but they, too, would retain a kind of innocence about Annie and her adventures, and for many years *Little Orphan Annie* ranked only behind *Blondie* and *Dick Tracy* in popularity.

Naturally enough, then, when Harold Gray died in 1968, the *Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate*, which distributes Annie, took steps to continue the strip, as has been done in a number of cases. However, the successors to Gray weren't able to maintain the strip's popularity, and subscribing papers began dropping off, from around 250 at the time of Gray's death to 200 at the time earlier this year when the syndicate decided there was only one direction to go with Annie—backwards.

Leapin' lizards—a comic strip first! The strip would aim to progress by looking backwards—more pre-

cisely, to a time in the mid-1930s when *Little Orphan Annie* proofs were available and worthy of good, uninterrupted reproduction.

Little Orphan Annie had first appeared at a time—the decade between 1915 and 1925—when the newspaper syndicates were proving themselves indispensable adjuncts to newspapers, with only the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal* holding out against including comic strips as part of the refreshment provided along with the news. Annie was one of the last of a famous group of strips—*Able the Agent*, *The*

made that the leading characters in these strips were among the most famous Americans of their time, joined not long thereafter by Buck Rogers, *Blondie* and *Dugwood*, *Dick Tracy*, *Li'l Abner*, *Terry* (of the *Pirates*) and *Mandrake*.

What's intriguing, therefore, is that Annie of the empty eye sockets (in the 1940s, she briefly sported pupils, but they suffered newspaper reproduction badly, often fogging up in the process), has far outlived most of that earlier peer group, with only *Popeye* (*Thimble Theatre*), *Moon Mullins*, *Barney Google* and *Skoozix* and his family (*Gasoline Alley*) remaining as part of our popular culture.

Annie first appeared in 1924 in response of *New York Daily News* publisher Joseph Patterson's request for a new strip featuring a little girl. Gray, who had done his comic strip apprenticeship as assistant to Sydney Smith on *The Gumps* (possibly the strip most concerned with business success in the history of American comics), gave newspaper readers a strip starring a young girl at a time when some forty other strips were headlining little boys, and Patterson's reverse sexism immediately hit the spot with readers. The Triumphant Trio, Annie, Daddy Warbucks and Sandy, whose canine vocabulary seldom extended beyond "Arf!" or "Grrrr!", began their march through comic strip time, later joined by *The Asp* and *Punjab*, with all of them hewing constantly to Gray's fireside formula for success: "Keep your characters in hot water all the time but don't have it

—◆◆◆—

"To artist Gray, Daddy and Annie are salesmen of the American Dream, the 'pioneer spirit'..." Time

—◆◆◆—

Gumps, *Barney Google*, *Thimble Theatre*, *Gasoline Alley*, *Tillie the Toiler*, *Harold Teen*, *The Nebbs*, *Boots and Her Buddies*, *Felix the Cat*, *Moon Mullins*, *Toots and Casper* and *Betty*—to win enormous favor with the American public, reflecting its mores and quiet concerns (i.e., familial happiness, business success, the emerging woman) and becoming part of the American language. Indeed, the case may be

Polly and Her Pals

By Cliff Sterrett





tuted authority, and apparent immortality, like a corporation, or indeed, Capital itself."

For that matter, so long as we're enjoying some Grecian yearnings for a bit, let's not ignore the possibility of a subliminal, but five-decade-long Oedipal relationship between Daddy and Annie. At least authors Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg didn't, as when they ended their camp erotic epic, *Candy*, with the susceptible heroine, Candy Darling, enjoying the lay of her life with a mysterious male benefactor. However, the mystery ends when the book does ... and "GOOD GRIEF — IT'S DADDY!"

These paternalistic possibilities aside—and I must warn you that there are also busybodies in the pristine land of ours who sniff a carnal alliance between Annie and the prurient pup, rather than *Pere Warbucks*! What is manifestly certain is that controversy has shadowed Annie most of her life with no less fealty than the steadfast Sandy.

Some highlights:

In 1934, Richard L. Neuberger—later a United States Senator—broke a lance in defense of the New Deal when he attacked *Little Orphan Annie* for its "crusade to create martyrs out of millionaires and unscrupulous demagogues out of vigilant district attorneys and militant senators." His article, entitled "Hooverism in the Funnies," appeared in the liberal *New Republic* and accused Cray of doing "heroic service in the cause of Andrew W. Mellon, Samuel Insull, and other persecuted philanthropists." A sequence in the strip, Neuberger pointed out, was devoted to the unjust trial of Warbucks for tax evasion—the district attorney, Phil O. Buster, tells a confidant, "Warbucks is innocent, but we've faked

enough evidence to convict him ... The public is falling for our line of bunk." At the same time utilities magnate Unnail was awaiting trial for the collapse of his business empire. Even by contemporary comic strip standards, the *Annie* sequence was very heavy-handed in its depiction of American jurispru-

dence, and in 1945 another trial sequence caused the National Lawyer's Guild to accuse Cray of "seeking to undermine faith in the American concepts of justice."

Fifteen months after the Neuberger article appeared in its pages, *The New Republic* published an editorial entitled "Facism in the Funnies" and lamenting the "propaganda" content in Cray's strip, which included "a continued attack on the New Deal, together with a virulent denunciation of the organized labor movement." The object of the magazine's scorn and anger was a sequence in which a group of politicians—Claude Claptrap, Horatio Hack, Phineas Plunder and Byron Bunkum were among the alliterative lot of villains—allied themselves with union organizers against the good works of Daddy Warbucks.

A few weeks later, and a new Annie yarn in the telling, it was *The Nation's* turn to take offense. "Perhaps the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should take her under control until her syndicators, Hearst and the Chicago Tribune, can demonstrate their moral fitness to be the guardians of a child as impressionable and dull as Annie," the magazine declared.

In late 1943 the Louisville *Courier-Journal* joined the list of papers which have dropped the strip over the years because—in this instance—"propaganda against gasoline rationing was being smuggled into comic strips in the guise of entertainment." Cray told *Newsweek*: "... I get my ideas without pressure from anybody ... though I will say this, I'd be willing to take on a lot of McCormick's enemies." In August of the following year, when Daddy Warbucks was reintroduced after a long absence from the strip—despite



So if nothing else, the next few years ought to be secure against Annie's developing a bust-line, or Sandy's acquiring a lady friend.

"Really big business works with government, Annie! If they didn't work together, pretty soon big business and good government would both go out of business with one loud crash!"

the protests of Mollie Slott, manager of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate—Gray explained the event in these terms: "The situation changed last April . . . Roosevelt died then."

In 1936 the highly respected Catholic publication, *America*, ran an article entitled "Orphan Annie Must Go!" The author, Stephen P. Ryan, Chairman of the English Department at Xavier University, New Orleans, lamented the strip's "brass knuckled Christianity," at the same time getting off a few good left crosses of his own. Considering the performance of Annie's guardian and patron saint, the inconstant Daddy Warbucks, Ryan observed: "The only thing wrong with this paragon, apart from his hopelessly false philosophy, is that, despite his great financial acumen, he is too stupid to keep track for more than two or three weeks at a time of a child he presumably loves."

There's lots more, but suffice to time capsule ourselves to 1963, when the distinguished journalist and critic, Ben H. Bagdikian, wrote a *New Republic* piece ripping into Annie on many fronts. "Still champ as political pioneer is Little Orphan Annie," he declared in an article dealing with comics and the Cold War. "She has been fighting democracy, social welfare, high taxes, universal suffrage, reform, education, culture, and human love for years." And how is the good fight waged? With good old-fashioned violence: "Differences of opinion are

commonly settled by mayhem. I once counted seventy-five men killed or maimed in a period of three months, all done in with patriotic righteousness." And as for the strip's treatment of our Cold War counterparts, Bagdikian found "another Birchist message of idiocy and treason in government, of spies

What is manifestly certain is that controversy has shadowed Annie most of her life with no less fealty than the steadfast Sandy.

everywhere, and of fighting straw enemies with magic." Still and all, Bagdikian managed to close his article on a note of wry wrath: "Hark, hark, Secretary McNamara, I hope they're not reading the funnies at the Pentagon."

In the interest of fair play, I myself once analyzed ten weeks of Mr. Gray's strip, and I'll let the characters themselves give you the facts of life.

Daddy Warbucks: "Really big business works with government, Annie! If they didn't work together, pretty soon big business and good

government would both go out of business, in one loud crash!"

Annie: "Be-er! Sure don't want that!"

Nope, a lot of us don't want that, and mindful of the sloop box Gray often mounted in his strip, the syndicate will not be offering "non-action areas" in its reissued sequences. For instance, back in the fall of 1936 when President Roosevelt was running for a second term, against Alf Landon, the strip began sounding like Alf Landon, but this fall neither Annie nor any of her friends will sing Alfie's tune.

"Otherwise, we're letting Harold Gray's philosophy hang out," says a high syndicate official. "In effect, it was Horatio Alger who was his hero . . ."

Ah, the eternal verities spring eternal, don't they . . . except in this case one of them is Nostalgia, which the syndicate is marketing avidly, along with the Harold Gray re-runs. And we have seen the past as future—and it works! Some 80 papers, many of them former subscribers, have signed up for the strip since the 1936 sequences were offered.

Because of the smaller space being given to comic strips on the nation's newspaper pages these days, the strip is being relettered, but otherwise we are in a time machine, heading into the future and back into the past at the same time.

And poor Annie, no matter how long the labors in the moral employ of Harold Gray, will never, ever, collect Social Security . . .

HAROLD TEEN



They Can't Stop a Teen



By CARL ED





FDR & THE ALPHABET YEARS

By John R. Williams

Into the empty bowls of a hungry nation, FDR poured some alphabet soup—FERA, CWA, WPA, NYA, PWA, NRA, AAA, RA and FSA.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was campaigning hard for the presidency against the incumbent Herbert Hoover when he spoke those words. Times were hard, the depression was in full swing, and the people had lost confidence in both their government and themselves. The future was something to fear. Until FDR came along and told the people that the only thing there was to fear was fear itself. There was going to be a new deal for the American people, the presidential contender said. The people listened, believed and elected the charismatic politician. The New Deal began, based on the three Rs—Relief, Recovery and Reform.

Now came the alphabet agencies: FERA, CWA, WPA, NYA, PWA, NRA, AAA, RA and FSA to name a few. It seemed a time for initials; even the President was known affectionately (and otherwise) as FDR—the New Deal personified.

In a true sense, Hoover inaugurated the New Deal and the alphabet agencies. It was Hoover who first proposed the PWA (Public Works Administration) in his annual message to congress in December, 1931. The actual enactment of the PWA legislation had to wait until the Roosevelt administration got into

"Every man has right to life, and this means he has a right to make a comfortable living. He may by sloth or crime decline to exercise that right; but it may not be denied him."

"Every man has the right to his own property; which means the right to be assured, to the fullest extent attainable, in the safety of his savings. By no other means can men carry the burdens of those parts of life which, in the nature of things, afford no chance of labor; childhood, sickness, old age. In all thought of property, this right is paramount; all other property rights must yield to it."

office, but Hoover gave birth to the idea. Another of Hoover's alpha-bits was the RFC (Reconstruction Finance Corporation) which was established for the purpose of direct governmental loans to prevent the further collapse of business.

New Dealers complained later that the chief trouble with the RFC during Hoover's administration was that it poured money into the financial structure "at the top instead of at the bottom." What was really needed was a restoration of the purchasing power of the individual, not just a short term relief to business.

There were other Hoover policies with a New Deal flavor, but Hoover possessed neither the flair nor the

confidence of the people to accomplish what FDR did. During their campaign for the presidency in 1932, the audiences saw Hoover as a broken and defeated man; his voice over the radio sounded weak and tired. Roosevelt, on the other hand, impressed the public everywhere with his confidence and charm, and as a radio speaker, his technique was unsurpassed. There was really only one issue in the election and that was the depression. Unemployment which had been one and a half million in 1929 tripled to four and a half million in 1930, reached eight million in 1931, twelve million in 1932 and almost thirteen million in 1933 when one worker in four was unable to find a job. Other millions were underemployed, working three days a week or two weeks a month in order to spread available work.

These, however, are only statistics; in human terms, the depression meant hungry men in breadlines. It meant Chicago schoolteachers working without pay for months because the city had no money to pay them. It meant farmers defending their lands against mortgage foreclosure by any means available, including dragging judges from their benches and threatening to hang them. It meant homeless men wandering all over the nation looking for work and riding the freights.

But despite these dark aspects, the thirties were not totally a time of doom and gloom. Professional sports went on and college teams continued

Clockwise from top left. From his desk in the White House, President Roosevelt makes a 1934 radio speech to the people. An apple seller in New York, 1930. A Farmworth, New Hampshire. CCC camp choir line, 1934.

The enlistment period was for one year and the pay was one dollar a day . . .

to do their best on the campus playing fields. And young people everywhere continued to get married.

Eventually by hook or crook, because of the war, or because the country started believing in itself again, the depression began to fade away. No small credit is due the alphabet agencies that FDR sowed around official Washington like so many seeds in a newly plowed field. Among the best remembered ones are the following:

NRA: The National Recovery Administration was born on June 16, 1933 and was the principal New

stood for "No Recovery Allowed."

CCC: The Civilian Conservation Corps was signed into law on March 31, 1933 and was a pet project of the President's. The purpose of the CCC was to set up reforestation camps in every section of the country to provide work for unmarried men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. The US Army and the Forest Service jointly supervised the CCC, and soon had a quarter of a million young men at work clearing forests, planting trees, improving roads, preventing floods, and other such tasks. The enlistment period was for one year and the pay was

much to say against the CCC in its nine years of existence, and one man went so far as to say, "It made a man of me, all right."

WPA: The Works Progress Administration was created to complement the PWA (Public Works Administration). The main difference between the two agencies was that the PWA simply put up the money for projects and the WPA handled the rest of the operation. Between 1933 and 1939, more than six billion dollars and almost five billion man-hours of labor were invested in the construction of transportation facilities, hospitals, city halls, courthouses, sewage disposal plants, and educational buildings. In addition to all this, the WPA was a patron of the arts. Unemployed artists in all fields were put to work on projects that



Mrs. Roosevelt and Churchill in Quebec, 1944



New York City depression breadlines in the 1930s.

Deal answer to those who demanded a planned economy. In May of 1935, a decision of the US Supreme Court ceremoniously killed it. But in the two years it existed, it was probably the most emotionally charged of all the agencies. It regulated wages, work hours, and indirectly—prices.

The working man greeted the NRA with shouts of praise, but the shouts from the businessmen were anger. "Creeping socialism" they said, and the Hearst newspapers even suggested that the initials really

one dollar a day in addition to medical care and maintenance. Twenty-five dollars a month of the pay had to be allotted to dependents or relatives. By 1935, there were half a million CCC workers and it was regarded as a permanent American institution. However, on June 30, 1942 as the Second World War engulfed America, the CCC was allowed to die for lack of congressional appropriation.

Not even the most vehement opponent of the New Deal found

paid them up to \$94.40 a month. Among these artists was one man who was put to work taking a census of dogs in California's Monterey Peninsula, perhaps a questionable pursuit on which to waste the government's money and the artist's time, but the artist was certainly worth the concern. He was later to become one of America's most famous novelists, and his first major novel appeared in 1939—*The Grapes of Wrath*. His name of course, was John Steinbeck.

WHO WILL PLAY SCARLETT O'HARA?



(Continued from page 10)

Jordan, though her tests were good, slipped by the wayside. By the time Selznick was ready to shoot the burning of Atlanta, the list had winnowed down to three stars: Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett and Paulette Goddard.

Melanie was another problem. Described by the vivacious Scarlett as "mealy-mouthed," there were, understandably, fewer stars who craved the part. Lesser known players like Dorothy Jordan, Priscilla Lane, Jane Bryan and actresses later to gain fame like Cerdaline Fitzgerald were on the list of possibilities. But Selznick's break came circuitously. George Cukor asked Joan Fontaine to test for the part. Miss Fontaine, whose off-screen, salty sophistication was belied by her often meek screen appearance, was not about to portray a character described by Miss Mitchell as possessed of a face "too wide across the cheekbones, too pointed at the chin... (who) had no feminine tricks of allure to make observers forget its plainness." Playing second fiddle to Scarlett was not a role Miss Fontaine was wild about. "If you want someone to play Melanie, I suggest you call my sister," she said. Joan Fontaine and Olivia De Havilland had been, and would continue feuding for years and the recommendation was an insult of perfect style and cunning, blameless as only a skillful inflighter could make it. What was wrong with recommending one's sister for a job? Nothing. Selznick and Cukor were delighted by De Havilland, but she was under contract to Warner Brothers who refused to lend her to play in a film some Hollywood experts were beginning to think would never be made. Joan Fontaine was not, however, the only talented schemer in her family. Miss De Havilland invited Jack Warner's wife to dine with her at the fashionable Brown Derby Restaurant in Beverly Hills, where with liquid eyes and her undeniable talent, De Havilland was an ally. Warner melanized and Selznick had his Melanie Hamilton.

On December 11, 1938, Selznick had to burn Atlanta. Or, rather, the

back lot at the Pathe studio where he needed the space to build Tara. Time was nearing when Cable's contract insisted he be put to work; Selznick had no choice. Studio technicians ran gas and water lines through the old sets, and carpenters put up false fronts of old Atlanta buildings. Three sets of stuntmen dressed as Rhett and Scarlett were hired and filming was to begin at 8 o'clock. David invited his family and some friends to view the spectacle. But by 8:20 his brother had not yet shown up. David was forced to give the go-ahead; he couldn't wait. Just as the flames began to soar, Myron Selznick, half-crooked, tottered on to the stage accompanied by his client Laurence Olivier and Olivier's current lady love. In the midst of sparks and chaos, Myron Selznick introduced his guest, "David, I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara." Vivien Leigh, flames lighting her face, met the man who would give her, at the beginning of her career, a film role that established stars had clawed and fought to get, Scarlett O'Hara, heiress to Tara.

The new technicolor process, which had never before been used on a project of this size, created unheard of difficulties for lighting men and set designers. Scarlett's dresses were all wrong. The Hollywood censors at first refused to let Rhett tell Scarlett that, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." They wanted him not to "care." But Selznick won his battles. *Come With the Wind* opened in Atlanta on December 15, 1939, a year and four days after the discovery of Scarlett, and became one of the best-loved films ever released.

On February 28, 1940, Hollywood held its annual orgy of self-congratulations—Oscar night. Eight Oscars were awarded to *Come With the Wind*. Perennial Bob Hope quipped: "What a wonderful thing this benefit for David Selznick!" And on this brilliant night, David Selznick's reaction, like a father whose child had been slighted, was fury. Surrounded by more Oscars than any picture had ever won, Selznick wanted to know why his picture hadn't won them all. Selfish though he may have seemed, he may have been right.

THE DAY LOU GEHRIG SAID GOODBYE

(Continued from page 13)

ing style he opined that the 1927 Yanks were a greater team than the present version. To this point the 1939 Yanks had compiled a 51-16 record, which gave them an 11½ lead over the second place Boston Red Sox. "That's my opinion," he said, "and while Lazzeri pointed out to me that there are only thirteen or fourteen of us here, my answer is, shucks, it only takes nine of us to beat them."

Ruth put his arm around Gehrig as the band played "I Love You Truly." There was nary a dry eye in the house. *The New York Times* reported the following day: "It was without doubt, one of the most touching scenes ever witnessed on a baseball field."

Gehrig was so exhausted by the tribute that he nearly passed out in the Yankee clubhouse between games. The Yankee team physician ministered to him and he was able to resume his role as nonplaying captain, sitting in the dugout, for the second game.

Long after the game was over and he and his close friend and roommate Bill Dickey were walked across the infield. The stands which had been filled with cheering and adoring fans only hours before were now empty, silently surrounded them. Lou said softly to Dickey: "Bill, I'm going to remember this day for a long time."

Tragically, that time would be all too short. Gehrig rode the bench as the Yankees easily won the pennant by 17 games and swept Cincinnati in four games in the Series. Gehrig retired at the end of that season.

Mayor LaGuardia appointed him to the Parole Board and as long as he was able he discharged his duties there with his customary diligence. In early May of 1939, the disease became progressively worse. He stopped going to the office to conserve his strength. Two weeks later he was unable to get out of bed. His condition deteriorated and he died at his home in the Bronx on June 2, 1941.

Lou Gehrig, the Iron Horse, was dead at 37. Baseball would never see his like again.



A JAMES DEAN ALBUM

By Gene Ringgold



Late in the afternoon of September 30, 1955, a silver Porsche sports car became, simultaneously, an implement of destruction and the springboard for a cinema legend unsurpassed in the history of Hollywood since the death of Rudolph Valentino. And years after his death, James Dean's name retains its original magic.

James Byron Dean was born February 8, 1921 in one of the flats of the Green Gables, an apartment building on East 4th Street, in Marion, Indiana. His mother, Mildred Winslow, was a farmer's daughter who had a great love for poetry and music. Mildred was an adept pianist. After she married and her only child was born, she saw to it

that he received violin training and that he learned to appreciate all the fine arts. Because of this the boy became somewhat precocious.

His father, Winton Dean, a dental technician, worked for the federal government. In 1936 he was assigned to the Sawtelle Veteran's Administration Hospital in Los Angeles. His wife and son came west with him. The following year Jimmy was enrolled in the Brentwood Public School. He continued with his violin lessons. His teachers remember him as an apt pupil who did not make friends easily. Mildred Dean, suffering from a serious cancer

"My mother died on me when I was nine years old! What does she expect me to do? Do it all by myself!"



Sal Mineo, who played Plato in *REBEL*, and Dean on the planetarium steps before the knife fight.

Infection, was hospitalized in 1939. Her condition declined steadily until her death a few months later. This tragedy so shocked Jimmy that he vowed he would never again play the violin. Years later he blurted out, somewhat emotionally, "My mother died on me when I was nine years old. What does she expect me to do? Do it all by myself? Realizing the extent of his son's mental anxiety, Winton Dean sent the boy back to Indiana to live with his grandmother.

Rural life made him more outgoing toward others. He was friendlier and displayed more interest in his Fairmount classmates than he had towards his California associates. Within a year he was a straight-A honor student and remained one through high school. He also took an active part in school sports and was an all-around crack athlete.

He also expanded his interest to the school drama department. With

some ability and a great deal of wit, he played the Frankenstein monster in a comedy *Goos With the Wind*, which his school presented with much success.

In his senior high school year James Dean won the Indiana State title of Champion Debater in the annual Forensic League contest. His recitation of Dickens' *The Madman* was a theatrically effective one. He came on stage screaming his lines and working feverishly toward an even more dramatic conclusion—collapsing on stage in animal frenzy. The school faculty were so impressed that they urged Board of Education members to select him to represent Indiana in a national debating contest to be held that year in Longmont, Colorado. Dean, contrary to advice, reworked his original presentation and was eliminated from the debate fairly early. For years afterward he blamed others for allowing him to alter what had been a prize-winning presentation.

Winton Dean had remarried, and he urged his son to come live with him while attending college. Jimmy entered Santa Monica City College as a pre-law student in the fall of '49, but it was soon evident that his interests were not in becoming an attorney. And it was evident too that his father's marriage—and years of separation—were insurmountable causes for domestic estrangement. Instead of living with his parents, he shared an apartment with another student.

During school months he was a radio announcer for the college's FM station. And in the summer of 1950 he worked as an athletic instructor for a local military academy. He did not return to Santa Monica City College that fall. Instead, he attended the University of California where he was accepted as a theatre arts student. He became friendly with William Bast, a student with ambitions to become a writer. Bast and Dean became roommates, sharing a Spanish style apartment and working together at part-time jobs. More than a year after Dean's death Bast revealed what some of their life together had been like in a biography, "James Dean" (Ballentine Books).

A friend of Bast's, actor James Whitmore, then in the process of organizing an acting class, met Dean and accepted him into his group. It was Whitmore who incited the stimulus necessary to make Dean aware that, more than anything, he

EAST OF EDEN

Cast

Abea	Julie Harris
Cal	James Dean
Adam	Raymond Massey
Aaron	Richard Dreyfuss
Kate	Jo Van Fleet
Sherrill Cooper	Burl Ives
Mr. Hamilton	Albert Dekker
Ann	Lee Smith

Directed by Elia Kazan. Based on the novel by John Steinbeck. Music by Leonard Bernstein. Warner's 1955.



Dean and Elizabeth Taylor in *GIANT*. Jett Rink played by Dean was in love with Leslie played by Taylor.

wanted to be a good actor, Whitmore felt the boy possessed the ability to learn and the spark that is necessary to be a success.

In Dean's case the spark was an intense spirit which attracted people and made them believe him a worthwhile person. His extroversion, more acquired than natural—but still beguiling—and his wholly American face presented a disarming portrait of a young man which was fascinating to the beholder. Dean was intriguing enough to make people want to know him—and help him. James Bellulah, son of novelist James Warner Bellulah and one of Dean's classmates, was instrumental in getting Dean his first professional acting job. This was a two minute commercial, produced by Jerry Fairbanks, in which Dean and a group of teenagers—including young Bellulah and actor Nick Adams—extol the pleasures of Pepsi Cola so refreshingly that it must still be one of Joan Crawford's fond

memories. Producer Fairbanks used Dean again to play John the Baptist in a one hour television play, *Hill Number One*. Dean's performance was not too effective towards getting other TV work.

The few radio bits he did kept him going for a time. Then, he started neglecting his school work and cutting classes in the desperate hope that the next interview would lead to an audition that would turn the tide. Finally, he dropped out of school.

Dean felt his inability to get work stemmed from a belief by producers that he lacked talent when, actually, there were few jobs to be had. As hopeful leads turned into bitter disappointments he regarded each rejection as a personal affront. He started spending his time with a crowd of misfits who were ready to bolster his deflated ego. James Whitmore proved to be one of Dean's champions and advised him to get away from his parasitic pals and change his tactics if he still hoped to

work at being an actor. Later, Dean said of Whitmore, "I owe a lot to him. I guess you can say he saved me when I got all mixed up. He told me I didn't know the difference between acting as a soft job and acting as a difficult art. I needed to learn these differences." Bill Bast helped him too. It was Bast who got him the job interview which led to his being hired as an usher at the CBS studio in Hollywood. And, through Bast, Dean met Rogers Brackett, a radio director, who put him wise to the ways of obtaining bit parts.

Dean made his screen debut—as an eager gob—in the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedy *Sailor Beware*. He had three lines of dialogue which disappeared from the film by the time it was released. He's merely one of a group of sailors in a few background scenes. In his next film, Samuel Fuller's *Fixed Bayonets*, he had another background bit as a battle weary GI fighting in Korea and spoke the single line, "It's a rear



In the knife fight scene from *REBEL*, Dean is restrained by Corey Allen and the rest of the gang.

efforts Dean played bits in such weekly series as *T-Men in Action*, *The Web*, *Tales of Tomorrow*, and *Martin Kane*. He also had a walk-on in an early *Studio One*.

Directors of these tight-budgeted and quickly turned out dramas were less inclined to share Miss Deacy's high opinion of Dean's capabilities. Accustomed to working with seasoned performers who delivered a professional reading after a quick study and rehearsal, these directors did not have the time or the patience to fully explain a characterization or thoroughly work out the performance they wanted from Dean. Often these men, as inexperienced at their job as Dean was at acting, thought his intense determination to fully analyze each small part was more of a nuisance than an asset.

Nor was he an Actors Studio favorite. Much has been made of Dean's association with that acting group. Dean thought meeting Lee Strasberg and being permitted to sit in on acting sessions was one of the most important events of his life. He wrote relatives that he had been accepted as a member of the school. This letter also mentioned the expense such training incurred his doubts that he would be able to

"New York overwhelmed me. For the first few weeks I was so confused that I strayed only of couple of blocks from my hotel."

guard coming back." Between such assignments he continued ushering at CBS where, occasionally, he earned overtime pay by doubling as a parking lot attendant. Rogers Brackett also managed to use him for a few radio bits. He later had five days work, at Universal-International, playing a teenager with an appetite for fancy ice cream concoctions in the Technicolor comedy *Has Anybody Seen My Gal?*, starring Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie. This bit did escape the editor's shears and Dean, if not outstanding, is at least recognizable in a brief scene with Charles Coburn.

Films, Dean concluded, offered few opportunities for work so he decided to go to New York and earnestly try to break into television. James Whitmore sanctioned that decision. "New York overwhelmed me," said Dean. "For the first few weeks I was so confused that I strayed only a couple of blocks from

my hotel off Times Square. I would see three movies a day in an attempt to escape from my loneliness and depression. I spent \$150 of my limited funds just on seeing movies." And, when the funds were gone, he went to work—as a busboy or counterman—in drugstores and various restaurants in the midtown Manhattan theatre district.

It was through Rogers Brackett that he finally did get into television. Brackett had given him a letter of introduction to James Sheldon, one of the directors on Robert Montgomery Presents. Sheldon, impressed with the boy's clear-cut good looks and his audition, had no work for him, but took the trouble to personally introduce him to talent agent Jane Deacy who worked in Louis Shaur's office. Miss Deacy sensed Dean's potential and believed that training and seasoning could turn him into a valuable property.

Through Miss Deacy's fruitful

continue lessons because of it. Strasberg and Elia Kazan claim he was never an Actors Studio pupil.

Dean's first good television part—albeit not a star role—was in a 1952 *Theatre Guild on the Air* presentation, "The Thief," starring Diana Lynn. At this juncture Rogers Brackett came East. He brought Dean along for a weekend at the Hudson River home of Broadway producer Lemuel Ayres. Ayres, and his wife, liked Dean well enough to invite him back for other weekends. And, when they planned a ten day cruise on their luxury sloop, they offered to take him along to Cape Cod as a paid member of their informal crew. During this trip Ayres learned of Dean's disappointment over his failure to be signed by CBS for the role of Clarence Day, Jr. in the series *Life With Father*. He had studied the part for weeks and thought his chances of being signed had been good. His other hopeful

The acting appearances of James Dean

Seller Beware, Paramount, 1951 Directed by Hal Walker
Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Connie Colvert, Marion Marshall

Rebel Without a Cause, 20th Century Fox, 1955 Directed by
Nathan Filer, Richard Egan, Gene Evans, Michael
D'Shea, Richard Hyton, Skip Hinneman

Has Anybody Seen My Cat? Universal International, 1952
Directed by Douglas Sirk, Charles Cabot, Peter Levine,
Lynn Bari, Rock Hudson, Sig Femoni, William Reynolds,
Larry Sells

East of Eden, Warner Brothers, 1955 Directed by Elia
Kazan, Jane Harris, Raymond McCray, Bartlett, Albert
Delkor, Jo Van Fleet, Dick Cavale

Rebel Without a Cause, Warner Brothers, 1955 Directed by
Nicholas Ray, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Jim Backus,
Cory Allen, Ann Dusen, Rachelle Hudson, W. Hopper

Grant, Warner Brothers, 1956 Directed by George Stevens
Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, Carroll O'Connor, Jane
Wyman, Mercedes McCambridge, Chill Wills, Sal Mineo,
Rod Taylor, Earl Holliman

The James Dean Story, Warner Brothers, 1957 Directed
by George W. George and Robert Altman, Narrated by
Marlon Gable

TELEVISION:

1951: Pepsi Cola Commercial, *Hit Number One*, play
prod by Jerry Teubnick

1951: *Soft the Clock* (standby work on the game show)
lets in *Tales of Tomorrow*, *T-Men in Action*, *Marion Marx*,
Camille Sound Stage, *Kraft Theatre and Danger*

1952: *Theater Guild on the Air* ("The Thief"), *Danger*
("Death Sentence"), *T-Men in Action* ("Case of the
Whispering Dog") and "Something for an Empty Bottle")

1952: *Kate Smith Show* ("Taken From the Hound of Heav-
en"), *Los Video Theatre* (unannounced), *Amazing*
Circle Theatre ("The Sells of Cockspaw"), *T-Men in*
Action ("Case of the Scream-off Shotgun"), *The Big Story*,
Kraft Theatre ("Keep Our Hopes Bright"), *Camille*
Sound Stage ("Life Sentence"), *Robert Montgomery*
Presents ("Harvest"), *Kraft Theatre* ("A Long Time Till
Dawn"), *Danger* ("Padlocks"), *Los Are There*, *Unlabeled*
Playhouse, *Photo Playhouse* ("Run Like a Thief")

1954: *G.E. Theatre* ("A Kiss a Day")

1955: *Schultz Playhouse* ("Unlabeled Road")

1955: *Stage After Show* (not a film)

Also featured on two documentaries: a tribute to Dean
was shown on CBS in 1957, a David Wolper *Hollywood*
and the *Star Trek* (Teenage idols) shown in 1984
featured another tribute to Dean

RADIO APPEARANCES:

Stars Over Hollywood, *Alias Jane Doe* and *Sure Spide*
NBC radio

BROADWAY:

See The Jaguar: A three act play by N. Richard Nash.
Produced by Samuel Ayres in association with Helen
Jacobson. Directed by Michael Gordon. Premiered at the
Cort Theatre on December 3, 1952. Arthur Kennedy,
Constance Field, Catherine Prud'homme, George Tyne,
Roy Fane, David Clark, Philip Pine

The Immoralist: A three act play by Remy de Gourmont.
Based on Andre Gide's novel. Produced by Billy
Rose. Directed by Daniel Mann. Premiered at the Play
Theatre on February 8, 1954. Louis Jordan, Geraldine
Page, Charles Bingle, Fred Haber, Joe Heldmann, David
J. Stewart, Adrienne Klen

Theatre telecast in which he gave an
excellent performance as a confused
murderer holed up in a farmhouse.
That same November he co-starred
with Dorothy Cish, Vaughn Taylor
and Ed Begley in "Harvest," a drama
on Robert Montgomery Presents.

During 1953 television work was
so plentiful Dean could afford to
turn down MCM's invitation to
return to Hollywood for a screen
test. Later in the year producer Billy
Rose signed him for an important
role—as a blackmailing Arab boy
involved in a sordid affair with a
homosexual tourist—*The Immoralist*.
Louis Jordan and Geraldine Page
co-starred. *The Immoralist* opened
at New York's Royal Theatre on
February 3, 1954. Despite uniformly
excellent notices for the play and the
cast, the public remained somewhat
indifferent to it. Dean won the
Danile Blum Theatre Award as the
most promising actor of the year.
The Immoralist limped along for a
few months, but Dean had left the
cast soon after the opening to return
to TV work.

He co-starred with Mildred
Dunnock in "Padlocks," one of the
half-hour plays presented on the
popular suspense series *Danger*. In
"Run Like a Thief," a *Philco Play-*

(Continued on page 74)

prospect, an audition for a part as
one of the teenagers in Mary Chase's
comedy *Bernadine*, also fell through.
Ayres, then preparing to produce N.
Richard Nash's play *See The Jaguar*
that winter, told Dean that when he
was ready to cast he would consider
him for a part.

The cast of *See The Jaguar*
included such able performers as
Arthur Kennedy, Constance Ford
and Catherine Prud'homme. The
play, received with less than enthu-
siasm by critics, premiered in New
York at the Cort Theatre on Decem-
ber 3, 1952 and closed after six
performances. Reviewers all paid
tribute to the young actor who
played the wraith-like and illiterate
Wally Wilkins.

In January he had a good part in
"Taken From the Hound of Heav-
en," a drama on the *Kate Smith*
Show. He had fair to good support-
ing roles in two additional *T-Men* in
Action stanzas. And he was consid-
ered worthwhile enough to be
interviewed at the end of a *Los*
Video Theatre presentation. His first
starring role, in Rod Serling's "A
Long Time Till Dawn," was a *Kraft*



Dean and Natalie Wood share a quiet moment in a scene from the film *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*.

BASEBALL CARDS— VINTAGE 1941

Like some postage stamps, some baseball cards are worth money.

What did Mel Ott bat in 1941? Who took part in more double plays than Joe Cronin as of the same year? What year did Carl Hubbell join the Giants? These answers and more can be found on the baseball cards shown here. If they had been post-1952 cards, a complete year-by-year minor and major league rundown would be found on the cards, along with a short history of the player pictured on the front.

Why baseball cards? If you really wanted to know all about the players, there are books and magazines of statistics and biography. Why bother collecting the little cards?

Kids buy them for three reasons according to Seymour "Sy" Berger (director of the Topps Chewing Gum sports department, the current producer of baseball cards). In an interview with Steven Clark (*Popular Sports*, September, 1974) Berger says: "First, there is identification. The baseball player is typical of the man walking down the street, unlike the football player who is a very big man or the basketball player who is a very tall man. With the baseball player he can see himself. He can identify. In addition, because of the game's pace, the youngster has the opportunity to learn to imitate baseball players—to hold his bat like Willie Mays, crouch like Stan Musial or spread his feet like Joe DiMaggio. And he can familiarize

himself with the facts of all the players. It's all within his grasp."

And the adults? Well, Woody Gelman, also with Topps, who has a great collection of cards (some of which appear on this page) puts it this way. He acknowledges that there is a certain amount of financial satisfaction to be gained from baseball card collections, but says that his hobby is really "a desire to recapture the past. A man might collect for commercial reasons, but it is probably more a matter of nostalgia. It is also a form of art expression. Collecting cards is less expensive than collecting paintings."



6. CARL OWEN HUBBELL
Pitcher New York Giants June 25, 1941
Born Chicago, Ill. 1905
Age 36 Height 5'10" Weight 170 lbs.
The first time he hit a home run was in a minor league game. Carl Hubbell hit his first home run in the first inning of his first game. He batted .280 in 1941. He was .311 and hit 12 for his major league season. He joined the Giants in 1938. In his first season he was named as one of the best lefties in the Class A circuit and Hubbell started 11 complete games. He just finished a 1941 season in which he pitched in 144 games, won 107 and lost only 200 but his no-hitter record of 100 no-hitters and no record was average of 1.00.

PLAY BALL

Sports Hall of Fame

Also ask for 1952 Topps Baseball Card. The card is 10¢ each.
\$1.00 per box.
\$10.00 per 100 boxes. \$100.00 per 1000 boxes.



7. MELVIN THOMAS OTT
Outfielder New York Giants June 2, 1941
Born Chicago, Ill. 1901
Age 40 Height 6'7" Weight 210 lbs.
Mel Ott was a fine defensive player who was named MVP in 1938. He hit .300 in 1941. He was .311 and hit 12 for his major league season. He joined the Giants in 1938. In his first season he was named as one of the best lefties in the Class A circuit and Ott started 11 complete games. He just finished a 1941 season in which he pitched in 144 games, won 107 and lost only 200 but his no-hitter record of 100 no-hitters and no record was average of 1.00.

PLAY BALL

Sports Hall of Fame

Also ask for 1952 Topps Baseball Card. The card is 10¢ each.
\$1.00 per box.
\$10.00 per 100 boxes. \$100.00 per 1000 boxes.

FOR THE STRAIGHT SHOOTERS

By Jim Harmon

"I owe every boy and girl a debt of gratitude, for in livin' up to the character they believed me to be, they made a better man out of Tom Mix."

If there was anything more thrilling than listening to the adventures of Tom Mix and his *Ralston Straight Shooters* on the radio in the thirties, forties and even into the fifties, it was actually receiving a magical gift from the chief Straight Shooter himself. The Siren Ring was only one such gift to come to you through the mail for your Ralston box-top and sometimes a dime "for handling and mailing." (Many premiums give-aways cost no money, and only required proof of your loyalty to Ralston Wheat Cereal.)

The radio broadcasts did not begin until 1933, but Tom Mix was already famous as a Western movie star. He went back as far as 1910 when he had worked on a one-reel documentary about the life of a cowboy made by Colonel Selig near Dewey, Oklahoma where Mix was the town marshal. That is indisputably documented and there is a Tom Mix Museum in Dewey today, housing the actor's rodeo outfits, saddles, guns, and even the boots he was wearing when he died in a 1940

automobile accident.

The radio series character was composed of legend and fantasy, as well as some facts. John Ford had a character say in one of his films, "When there is a choice between the facts and the legend, print the legend." A lot of people did that for years concerning Tom Mix. People wanted to believe he was a former Texas Ranger and U.S. Marshal, that he had been a soldier of fortune in China, Cuba, South Africa. Most of that is at best an exaggeration on the part of publicity agents. But even in this cynical age, Paul E. Mix wrote too disparagingly of his own cousin in the recent book, *The Life and Legend of Tom Mix*. He denied him virtually all real life experience in tracking down outlaws. Western historian Sam Henderson has documented for me accounts of Tom Mix working as a guard or detective in railroad construction camps so tough somebody was killed every night. At another time, Tom Mix acted as a Revenue Agent, tracking down people selling "Moonshine" whiskey (often so bad it killed or blinded people drinking it). People can recall him taking chances that they can not see how he survived.

Railroad camp guard and Revenue Agent do not sound as romantic as "Texas Ranger" or U.S. Marshal" (titles actually given Mix on a honorary basis) but the work was probably as hazardous. Of course, Tom Mix was no sainted cardboard hero. In his own book, *Ropin' a*

Million, privately printed, 1936 (apparently actually written or supervised by him), Tom Mix says that when he was in one particularly dangerous situation he had some second thoughts about his past life. "I remembered a couple horse trades I wished I'd never made and I thought of a horse or two that I'd like to hand back to their owners." Obliquely, he was admitting to being a horse thief. Later on in the book, there is the comment: "I owe every boy and girl of this an' other countries a debt of gratitude, for in livin' up to the character they believed me to be they made a better man out of Tom Mix than Tom Mix would have made out of himself."

In this book, written late in life, Tom Mix made no claims for Army service in the Boxer Rebellion (he served during the Spanish-American War in the army, but did not see combat) or to being a Texas Ranger. One of the early "Ralston Straight Shooters Manual" booklets which was sent out to radio listeners in the thirties pictured a Stetson-wearing diagram of Mix's body and revealed the location of twelve bullet wounds, forty-seven bone fractures, but could not show "scars from 22 knife wounds" nor is it possible to

Opposite page, clockwise: Pocketknife, decoder badge, club ring, wrangler badge, siren ring, compass & magnifier, club badge, mirror ring, signature ring, and the first premium of all—the horseshoe nail ring.



Above is the slide whistle ring, one of the more elaborate of the radio premiums offered.





Bradley was also a good Western singer. He began on the show as one of the Ranch Boys trio who sang the opening theme song of "Start the morning with Hot Ralston."

Shortly after, he began playing the part of Tom Mix's drawling sidekick, Pecos Williams. Then when the show came back on the air after a hiatus, Bradley was Tom Mix himself, talking faster, and with authority and conviction.

On several occasions, I got letters supposedly from "Curley Bradley, Tom Mix of Radio." An avid collector of box-top giveaways even as a boy, I would sometimes write in to see if I could get a replacement for some ring that I had lost or broken. Sometimes you could, sometimes you couldn't. A letter would come to you informing you of the availability of the old premium, signed by "Bradley" but coming from St. Louis when I knew the Tom Mix radio show originated at WGN, Chicago. But, I forgave Tom Mix this bit of show business deception.

These days, I sometimes come across men and women who tell me they were disappointed by the give-

They were all wonderful toys— or they all toyed with wonder.

show on diagram the hole four inches square—blown in Tom's back by a dynamite explosion."

At least, the forty-seven broken bones were accurate. Tom Mix sustained countless injuries performing leaps from cliffs on horseback, crashing runaway stagecoaches, climbing and leaping crevices of the Grand Canyon in hundreds of films from *The Range Rider* in 1910 through the silent era with *The Riders of the Purple Sage* and *The Great A-C-K Train Robbery*, into the sound era with features such as *Destry Rides Again* (the first version) and *My Pal, the King* until his final film, a low budget serial of 1935, *The Miracle Rider*. His voice was not perfect, a nasal baritone, but he could get by, delivering lines with as much or more feeling than many Western stars of the sound era.

The main trouble was that, like everyone, he was getting older. (By this time, he was being doubled in some, not all, his stunts by such stuntmen as Cliff Lyons and my friend, George DeNormand, still



acting, now in television.) Tom Mix retired from the screen to run and appear in his circus, a passionate hobby of his, until the end.

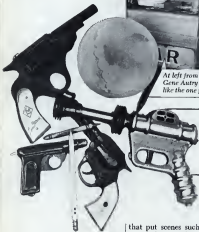
On the radio, Tom Mix remained forever young, timelessly immortal. "Tom Mix was impersonated" ran the closing line of the show—impersonated by Art Dickson, Jack Holden, Russell Thorson, and most enduringly, from 1944 to 1950 by Curley Bradley. A real cowboy, movie stuntman, and a man who had worked with the real Tom Mix,

aways when they arrived. Perhaps the hard-sell commercials and the events in the drama itself led those poor souls to expect too much of the Siren Ring or Decoder Badge. Or perhaps the magic spell did not last long enough for them. I was still enchanted by the announcer's voice on those cold winter evenings in Illinois—even after I opened the brown envelope with its checkerboard design and the shining simulated gold object dropped into my hand. The Siren Ring was not merely an adjustable band of some yellow metal. It was like the ring given Aladdin by the djinn of the lamp. It put me in touch with Tom Mix himself. It made me a Straight Shooter. As long as I played fair and square with all, I had nothing to fear. And if there was ever anything too big for me to handle, the ring would somehow bring Tom Mix to my help. Perhaps he would not materialize in a cloud of dust astride Tony, but something of his courage and justice would aid me.

The ring of some design was the

most popular premium offer on the Tom Mix series, or on most of the others. It was a symbol that you were a member of the club—a Straight Shooter. The ring was somehow more grown-up than a badge. Your father and mother wore rings. No adult in real life wore a badge except a policeman. Without any overt anti-police bias, you somehow felt more comfortable with the ring.

Of course, nearly every ring did something as well as being ornamental. In the case of Tom Mix, there was not only the Siren Ring but a Slide-Whistle Ring on which could be played musical tunes. The Magnet Ring which could pick up small metal objects—such as the paper clip fastened to the plans of the atomic bomb which Tom rescued from spies.



Another Ralston giveaway was the Lookaround Ring with which you could Peek around corners to see just what you were going to walk into. You also looked into the Tom Mix Mystery Ring and saw a picture of Tom and Tony magnified "a thousand times." The tiny optical unit was marked at the side of the photograph "made in France." No doubt, this was made by the same company



At left from top, counterclockwise: Tom Mix gun with Orphan Annie, Gene Autry and Buck Rodgers guns of the same period. Nostalgia shops like the one pictured above do a booming business with such items.

The ring made me a straight shooter. As long as I played fair and square with all, I had nothing to fear.

that put scenes such as on French postcards into other viewing novelties. One can't help but speculate on the surprise a youthful Straight Shooter might have had, if they had got the viewer units mixed up.

Some of the other Tom Mix rings did not have working functions. One merely had Tom Mix's signature in sterling silver on top—which was useful only if you had just received a check from Tom and wanted to verify the signature. The first ring with any identification is the Check-

board Ring which has the famous TM-Bar design against Ralston's checkerboard back for a signet. A later ring could be provided with the listener's own initial on top, with the TM-Bar moved to the side.

The earliest Tom Mix ring of all, the very first Straight Shooter premium of all, bore no TM-Bar brand or any other identification. It was merely a Horseshoe Nail Ring consisting apparently of a real horseshoe nail such as blacksmiths used (and still use) which could be bent around a poker by an industrious Straight Shooter or his dad, and worn as a ring. Some of these Mix

(Continued on page 46)

W.C. FIELDS

In a battle of quips, WC usually won...

He was the comic who hated everyone, but did it in such a humorous way that no one could resist laughing.

It is believed that a childhood of exceptional hardship contributed to making Fields such a bitter man—for he was one actor who did play himself on the screen. Born in 1879 to a British immigrant, he ran away from home at eleven after a fight with his father. For the next few years he lived rough—sometimes going without food for days, sleeping on park benches and constantly fighting with seedy characters.

At 14 Fields got a job juggling in an amusement park. From there he went on to vaudeville, and by the time he was 20 he was getting top billing. A Ziegfeld aide caught his act one night and signed him to play in the follies.

In 1923, Fields starred in the Broadway musical *Poppy*. The show was such a great success that Paramount bought the property and gave Fields a contract to repeat his role in the film and also do more movies.

After making such great hits as *Two Flaming Youngs* and *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, Fields was one of Paramount's biggest stars. He became demanding—he wanted more money and the right to insert into his films any material he thought necessary. His requests were denied; he returned to Broadway.

By 1930 sound was in and Mack Sennett was prepared to pay Fields

Teaming Mae West with WC Fields in MY LITTLE CHICKADEE was a viewer's delight and a director's nightmare. The two disliked each other deliciously

well—\$5000 a week. If he was great in silent films he was extraordinary in talkies. His wit and timing were unbelievable. *International House* and *It's a Gift* are classics.

In 1938, Fields was getting \$150,000 a picture—an astronomical fee for the time, but he was worth every penny as his films grossed

millions for his studio. Four years later his career was on the wane. He was ill and drinking.

The man who said, "any man who hates small dogs and children can't be all bad," also hated Christmas. It is rather ironic that he died on Christmas Day, 1946, but then he might have seen the humor in it.

& MAE WEST

But not always, Mae had a way with words & things.

Sex symbols come and go, but Mae West, the original, endures. When Brooklyn-born Mae came to Hollywood after shocking and delighting Eastern theater audiences with original plays such as *Sex* and *The Drag* (and on one occasion ending up in jail as a result of a local censor's displeasure with her frankness), she brought along the now-legendary Westian wit—and of course the famous figure that grated Paramount Pictures from the brink of bankruptcy into the black.

From the start of her career, Mae insisted upon complete control of her films, writing her own scripts and supervising costumes. "I know what my fans want," she says, explaining her professional philosophy, "and I know how to give it to them."

Mae's public got plenty of "it" in such films as *She Done Him Wrong*, *Every Day's A Holiday* and *I'm No Angel*, but often the finished version of her movies was a bit tamer than Mae's original conception. The Hays office made her its chief target and William Randolph Hearst refused to print ads for her films in his papers.

In the early 1940s, Mae left Hollywood to return to the stage, and to break Las Vegas records with her nightclub act, in which she was

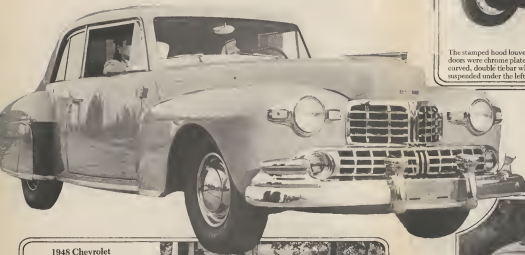
backed by a chorus of muscle men. She had written her autobiography and several film scripts and a novel. Her return to the screen in *Myra Breckenridge* (Mae was probably the film's one socially redeeming feature) delighted her fans, who share Mae's belief that "when a girl goes bad, men go after her."

"COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME," SHE SAID, AND WHO COULD REFUSE?



"I used to be Swan White," Mae once said, "but I drifted."

CARS THAT TAKE YOU BACK... BUT NOT TOO FAR.



1948 Chevrolet

The Stylemaster series was the lowest priced Chevrolet. They were identical to the higher priced models—Fleetline and Fleetmaster—in engine, chassis and body construction. They differed slightly from the others in interior equipment, trim and finish. An important engineering improvement in 1948 was the fitting of precision-type main engine bearings replacing the former "rough bearings" that required reaming to size when installed. In 1946 when post-war production resumed through 1948 models, the Chevrolets were replicas of the 1942 models except for new grills, bumpers and emblems.



1932 Chevrolet



The '32 coupe is considered by many to be one of the most outstanding Chevrolets ever made. It was, and still is, a superb example of classic car design.

The stamped hood louvers of the 1931 models were replaced with four small doors on each side. These doors were chrome plated on the Deluxe models. Chromed "bullet style" headlamps were supported on a curved, double tiebar which joined and neatly integrated fenders, lights, and radiator shell. The horn was suspended under the left headlamp.

1947-48 Lincoln

Lincoln had a "low, clean, silhouette firmly drawn fenders and functional compact rear deck. The late Edsel Ford helped design it. Despite its rather excessive grill, many designers regard it as the most beautiful US car." *Life* magazine late in 1947 extolled the virtues of the Lincoln thusly. It seems, in looking back now, that Edsel was far more successful in designing the Lincoln than others were to be in designing his namesake car. This car in a convertible model seated six, had a 120 hp engine (V-12) and cost \$4,900.



1941 Chrysler

"Imagine driving your car for 20 hours every day piling up 1,000 miles a day at wide-open speeds and doing it every day for years." You could, the ad suggested, if you owned a new 1941 Chrysler. Engineering was Chrysler's forte and they pushed it. Styling was not their strong suit. The '41s boasted the Fluid Drive (introduced in 1938), airflow bodies with 108 or 135 horsepower engines, and the "last word in roominess."

1950 Plymouth

Engineering was—true-to-Chrysler form—the selling point of the 1950 Plymouth. The ad copy suggested that a prospective owner check over these six points before settling for any car other than a new Plymouth: (1) Find out what type of air cleaner the car has (2) What kind of paint finish (3) What type of upholstery would be (4) If the trunk has a counter-balanced lid (5) What safety features are available and, (6) What the cold weather performance of other products is compared to the Plymouth. Supposedly, after all this, one would tend to buy a Plymouth.



1953 Dodge

The front and rear fenders became integrated into the basic body design for the first time and a one-piece carved windshield was introduced. Dodge's first V-8 engine made its debut advertising 140 horsepower at 4,400 rpm. Models offered were the Dodge Meadowbrook, Meadowbrook special, Coronet Six, small Meadowbrook, and both a small and full-sized Coronet Eight. The six cylinder engine had 102 horse power.



1934 Cadillac

The 1934 Cadillac came in six models including this convertible coupe. The 34s were the "first to introduce modern streamlining. First American car with spare tire concealed within the body and the first to develop and use knee-action wheels." This beautiful little coupe would cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,595 with a straight 8 engine.



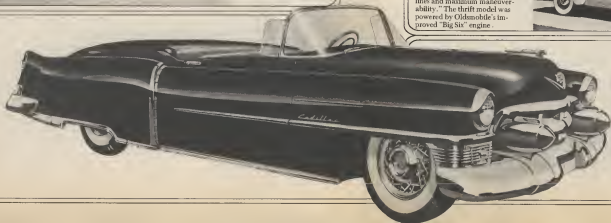
1950 Oldsmobile

Designed to provide ample room for the average family, this new 1950 Olds series "76" Club Sedan offered famous Futuramic styling in the lower price range. The interior had been completely re-styled to provide luxury typical of higher-priced cars. The wheelbase was 119 1/2 inches which permitted "deek, low lines and maximum maneuverability." The thrift model was powered by Oldsmobile's improved "Big Six" engine.



1953 Cadillac

The total production of the 1953 Cadillac was 100,657 and the list price of a typical car in the high priced range was \$5,604. This was the era of the fishtail rear ends and the massive front bumpers. Chrome was a definite plus. Could you—in the Fifties—imagine a Caddy without chrome?



FOR THE STRAIGHT SHOOTERS

(Continued from page 39)

rings are being sold by dealers for \$60.00 each, but it would take a radioactive carbon test to tell them apart from a current horseshoe nail that could be bought for a penny.

The next most popular radio premium is the badge. Ralston offered a Tom Mix Decoder Badge in 1940 with a tiny six-gun that moved around like the hand of a clock and pointed out pictures of objects—a skull, a horseshoe, a star—which stood for signals such as "Danger Ahead" and "Watch for Clue." A somewhat similar offer involved a set of five pin-back buttons with photographs of the radio cast. On the back of each button was a message. If you were told to look on the back of your Sheriff Mike button, you got a message something like "Danger Ahead." Things had not changed much at the TM-Bar in the nearly ten years between offers.

There were other badges: a Campaign Medal, a Ranch Boss badge, a Wrangler badge, and a glow-in-the-dark badge that looked like a military decoration.

Also glowing in the dark were Tom Mix spurs, an arrowhead with compass and magnifying glass, and another ring that looked like a tiger eye in the dark.

There were flashlights, telescopes, and telegraph sets—one that used batteries and could be hooked to another and used to send messages

like a real telegraph set. (This was perhaps slightly misrepresented to listeners, since on the show, Tom carried his in his hip pocket and without any wires, received messages on it from one of his young wards, Jimmy or Jane.)

They were all wonderful toys or



Sent out to radio listeners in the thirties, this Setton-wearing diagram of Mix's body revealed the location of 12 bullet wounds, 47 broken bones, but could not show 22 knife wounds or the hole four inches square blown in Tom's back by a dynamite explosion.

they all toyed with wonder. Either way they were great for the cost involved. Today they sell for \$35.00, or \$60.00 or maybe even \$100.00 for one of the telegraph sets or the Mystery Ring. But if I was asked what the best premium the Tom Mix radio show ever offered, I wouldn't say the Siren Ring, or the Manual with Tom Mix's life story, or even the twelve Tom Mix Comics magazines from Ralston with Fred Meagher art and stories ten years ahead in quality from their 1940 origin. No, the best premium of all was the show itself.

On that last broadcast in 1950, when Ralston was going to television with the futuristic *Space Patrol*, Tom Mix said to his sidekick, Sheriff Mike (who was the Old Wrangler from the early days of the show under another name, for all practical purposes): "This is the end of the trail, and yet just the beginning. How many times will the figure of big, burly Mike Shaw stride across the imagination of some grown-up child in the years to come?"

I knew I've seen Sheriff Mike and Tom himself, and Wash, and Jane in my mind's eye more times than a grown-up man might like to admit. I'm older now, and I'm not sure that I believe any longer that Straight Shooters always win. But I still would like to believe it.

And I believe that, like King Arthur, if his country needs him badly enough, Tom Mix, or his spirit, will come out of our hearts and heads sending a signal on his Siren Ring to ride out against law-breakers and make a world where we are all Straight Shooters.



Somewhere around the Beatles and Captain Marvel can be found some straight shooter rings and badges.



AN ODE TO ROCK

By Wayne Stierle

In the early fifties, if you lived near enough to a big city radio station and if you were a born dial-switcher, you might have heard the early rumblings of what was to become rock 'n roll music. And if so, you might have heard the Drifters as far back as 1953 with their founding lead voice, the late Clyde McPhatter. From that sound you just might have gotten a feeling that there was a change in the air.

But the change was subtle, for early 1954 found Frank Sinatra entering into his major comeback on disc with "Young At Heart"—after three years of absolutely no recording success at all. At the same time "Cen" by a group with the unlikely name of The Crows hit the top ten on the r&b charts, and then crossed over onto the top twenty of the national "pop" charts.

Still, it seemed a fluke. One hit by a group that was never to be heard from again in major areas does not make a trend. "Crazy, Man, Crazy"

by Bill Haley and The Comets had also been a pretty big hit but Haley would fade out of the charts for over a year before becoming a star.

Perry Como was number 1 with "Wanted" and Eddie Fisher was America's darling. Everything was nice and calm—what would a few nutty records do?

Well, I'm just a kid, see, and what do I know? It's summer, 1954 and I'm a cub scout. Now, I like music a heck of a lot, and I really dig records. But I took up the trombone strictly because I wanted to play "The William Tell Overture" and not because I was into the classics. I was a Lone Ranger fan. My record collection—which started with 78s until my cousin Billy slammed the lid down on my \$14.95 Webcor three-speed portable and cracked my copy of "Ricochet" by Theresa Brewer—wasn't too big a collection. I only got 10¢ a week allowance, and there were very few records that I could actually relate to. Can you see a

1954 cub scout going wild over "Learning The Blues" or "Kiss of Fire"?

Every summer they had a great carnival in my cousin's town and we were going. Saturday afternoon the carnival was an okay thing, but after supper with twilight turning out the sun's glare and the lights from the carnival winking through the trees the magic turned on.

We go in, and through the jumble of noise and merry-go-round music I hear pop records playing very loudly over the speaker system. The music called out to me, and I heard it above the roar of the night. We had just finished throwing ping pong balls at small bowls of gold fish and were walking over to get a Coke—at a nickle a glass—when it happened.

The Chords' hit of "Sh-Boom" had been recorded by the Crew-Cuts, and was taking off at amazing speed, all around the country, in every area. We get the coke and on comes "Sh-Boom", just blasting out

throughout the place. I loved it, and I loved the effect it created.

"Sh-Boom" hit number 1 soon after that and I saved my pennies waiting for the next record of similar appeal. I waited until late '54 to find it again. I was making my regular passes around the dial of my tube model Emerson when I came upon a song broadcast from Mars or Saturn, but not of this earth, surely. It was a ballad unlike any recorded previously. The piano, the group, the lead voice, and those spine tingling words burned themselves into my mind forever. After "Earth Angel" by the Penguins, the cub scouts seemed quite juvenile indeed. But the revolution wasn't in full swing yet, for early in 1955, "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" was in the top ten



Early 1954 found Sonny entering his major comeback on disc with "Young At Heart."

Fats Domino was pounding on a red hot piano with his own brand of New Orleans music gone rock 'n roll



in three different versions; the one by Bill Hayes at number 1. Those few odd songs were around, but with Davy and the coonskin cap craze going like wildfire, they were hardly noticed.

Blazing trails and Injun fighting couldn't last forever, and that brief fling with "Innocent" childhood via Disney and Crockett was destined to come crashing to a halt somewhere betwixt the spring of 1955 and the winter chill of 1956. Fats Domino heated up the charts with "Ain't It A Shame" (best remembered as "Ain't That A Shame") and while television was still cooling us off with Perry Como, lurking somewhere inside our radios Fats Domino was pounding on a red hot piano with his own brand of New Orleans music gone rock 'n roll.

Rock 'n roll?

(Alan Freed was in New York City now, claiming to have coined the phrase rock 'n roll which Freed also called "The Big New Beat in Popular Music." Rock 'n Roll had been around as a term far before Freed, but it was Freed who made the phrase come alive for most people. He put the handle on the sound when a term was necessary.)

Elvis was always there,
regardless of the year.

Fats Domino's r&nb hits dated back to 1950, but he was all-new in '55, as was a wild, wild man from Macon, Georgia—who also had recorded as far back as 1950 but with no major results. The wild man's name was Richard Penniman, but he's better known as Little Richard, and his career began nationally at its peak with "Tutti Frutti" in all its Wop-bob-a-loop-bop-a-bop-bim-boom glory.

A black man playing and singing highly sexual music in the new rock 'n roll style was more than white parents were ready to sit still for in '55. Fats Domino wasn't really a threat, and no one knew too much about what was going down, but you didn't have to see Little Richard to either love him or hate him. You only had to hear that insane howl coupled with a truly crazy piano and a sax man cut free, to know that things were happening inside you that didn't exactly happen when you listened to, say, Vic Damone. The social force of rock 'n roll music was flexing its muscles.

For the adults, how much was old-line prejudice and how much hatred for the music is hard to say, but as Davy Crockett hats bit the dust, the feeling of rebellion grew and flowered. Rock 'n roll spread the feeling brought forth by James Dean in "Rebel Without A Cause" and in many millions of American teenagers it provided that cause.

The truth about Pat Boone's music comes, oddly enough, from Little Richard who freely admits not only that Boone outsold him initially, but that Pat carried the music to radio stations which—in 1955—would not have played Little Richard or anyone else they didn't want to. Rock 'n roll seems to have been born standing up and talking back, but like all babies—precocious or not—it didn't have total clout until it grew a little. As the year closed, Dean Martin was number 1 with "Memories Are Made Of This", but the rock 'n roll trend



It was Elvis Presley, eyes burning with the look of an evangelist, arm punching and swinging

The 1950s were the golden age of rock 'n roll. Innocent perhaps, but basic and worldly also.

was growing.

1956 brought Chuck Berry and "Maybellene," however, he missed the pop charts with his two follow-ups. Most major rock 'n rollers had not yet even recorded. "I Like Ike" had changed slightly to "Let's Back Ike" and Adlai Stevenson was wasting his words warning us about someplace called Southeast Asia. Adults were far more worried about

slung to one side, arm punching and swinging. His hair was slicked into a pompadour and he looked a little mean, a little crazy. He gyrated and he beat on the guitar. He sneered, smiled and seemed to laugh. He belted out "Heartbreak Hotel" which was not on the market yet.

Most of the adults—including Frank Sinatra—were giving the boy only six months before he'd be back driving a truck. (Actually, in six months he could have bought a lot of trucks on the road.) Some big stars were to come shooting in along about '57 and '58, but Elvis was always there, regardless of the year.

The 1950s were the golden age of rock 'n roll, not just because it was the birth of rock, but because it was exciting and real and young. Innocent, perhaps, but basic and worldly, also. A time when no matter how often Gene Vincent sang "Be-Bop-A-Lulu," or Carl Perkins sang "Blue Suede Shoes," people

You liked "Diana" by Paul Anka, but couldn't figure out why you didn't really like his other songs. You went wild over Annette, (on the Mouseketeers) only by 1959, it didn't have much to do with her large pair of ears. After school you had a rough time choosing between the candy store and Dick Clark on "American Bandstand". (Would Kenny and Arlene dance a slow one today?) The extra excitement with Dick Clark was that he was always springing great guests on you, as well as new records. When Dick Clark said, "This is going to be a monster!" and nodded at you with that smile, well, you knew he was right. And he was, too. You started out with the entire Nelson Family, but by the fall of 1957, you hung in there to see Ricky close it out with a song, often one of his many, many hits. Bobby Darin finally made it with "Splish-Splash" which made him seem like just another splash in the pan, but he soon branched out in every direction possible and became the second biggest name to emerge from the 1950s rock era. While everybody was having a field day, Elvis was



"This is going to be a monster," Dick Clark said. And he was right, too.

"Long Tall Sally" ducking back into the alley than they were about a place they'd never heard of. Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey showcased new talent on their New York based Saturday evening show and on a dreary night in January, 1956, they would showcase yet another talent—one of major proportions.

So, it's raining and cold and I'm at home on the living room rug, watching The Dorsey Brothers Show. All was quiet in Middle America as Walter Cronkite told us each week. (It was a "day like any other day," but I was there.) And boy was I ever! The introduction faded into dark screen and then the image came up on a performer center stage. It was Elvis Presley, eyes burning out from the screen with the look of an evangelist, guitar



You might have heard the Drifters as far back as 1953 with their founding lead, the late Clyde McPhatter.

said, "Are you sure that's not Elvis?" When thirteen-year-old Frankie Lyman led the Teenagers, and proved that as a child lead singer he would never be equalled,

drafted into the army.

We were wearing denims and boots, and garrison belts and 1/4 inch thin belts—buckle on the side, mind

(Continued on page 58)

DOC SAVAGE AND HIS CIRCLE

By Ron Goulart

"The giant bronze man and his five friends would confront undreamed perils as the very depths of hell itself crashed upon their heads."

He had always been apprehensive lest something of the kind occur. The scientists who had trained him during his childhood had been afraid of his losing human qualities; they had guarded him against this as much as possible. When a man's entire life is fantastic, he must guard against his own personality becoming strange," Kenneth Robeson, *The Dagger In The Sky*.

You never know what sort of monument you'll get or what you'll be remembered for. Lester Dent had hopes to have a chance to write what he felt were first rate books and stories, the kind of thing that shows up on slick paper and best seller lists. Instead, he got hired to write the Doc Savage series and he spent nearly two decades hidden behind the pen name of Kenneth Robeson. The current Bantam paperback revivals of the old Doc Savage novels have now sold over twelve million copies and so Dent has become, some ten years after his death, one of the best selling authors of the century.

The official version of the inception of Doc Savage is that the entire concept was originated by Henry W. Ralston of Street & Smith. More probably, the character developed out of the numerous conferences on new titles which followed the unexpected success of *The Shadow*. "The Shadow was going so good, it fooled hell out of everybody," recalls Walter Gibson (the writer who



The first issue of *DOC SAVAGE MAGAZINE* was dated March, 1933, and sold for ten cents. It proved to be a best-selling title for Street & Smith and stayed on the stands for sixteen years.

There were 181 novels devoted to Doc Savage. "the man whose name was becoming a byword in the odd corners of the world!"



"He has the clue-following ability of Tarzan, the scientific sleuthing of Craig Kennedy and the morals of Jesus Christ." So Dent described his creation to a reporter.

expanded The Shadow from a radio voice into a pulp novel hero for Street & Smith. "Ralston wanted to start another adventure magazine, but for a long time he didn't even have a title," John Nanovic, who edited both The Shadow and the new Doc Savage magazines, was also in on the planning of the new series. Basically, the Doc Savage format—that of a strong and brilliant hero and his coterie of gifted and whimsical sidekicks—is Frank Meriwell and his chums updated. And there was numerous other successful gangs of fictional do-gooders around in the 1920s and 30s that might have served as inspiration, especially Edgar Wallace's *Four Just Men*. Street & Smith might even have noticed a series one of their own authors was doing over at Fiction House. A year before the debut of Doc, Theodore Tinsley was writing novels about a manhunter named Major Lacey, who had his headquarters in "the towering pinnacle of the Cloud building" and was aided by a variously gifted quartet of his ex-Marine buddies. Clark Cable influenced the development of Doc, too. When artist Walter Baumhofer was called in to paint the cover for the first issue of Doc Savage Magazine he was

handed this description of the character: "A Man of Bronze—known as Doc, who looks very much like Clark Cable. He is so well built that the impression is not of size, but of power." Baumhofer ignored this and made Doc look like a model he was using at the moment. In the stories of course, Doc's full name is Clark Savage.

When he took on the Doc Savage job in 1933, Lester Dent was in his early thirties and already a prolific writer of pulp stories. A contemporary describes him as being then "a huge, red-headed man, six feet three and weighing around two hundred pounds." Dent grew up on his family's farm in La Plata, Missouri and despite his later wanderings he continued to refer to himself as "just a Missouri hillbilly." In the mid 1930s, writing about himself in the

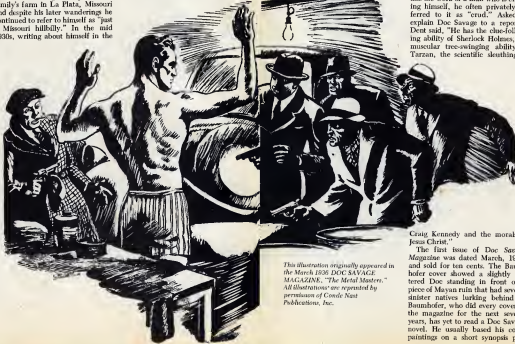
third person for a publicity release, Dent depicted his early years this way:

As a small boy, Lester Dent was taken across Wyoming in a snow-cored wagon. Six weeks were required for the trip which can be made by automobile today in three hours.

Dent lived as a youth on a Wyoming cow ranch. Also lived on a farm near La Plata, Mo.

Dent was nineteen years old before his hair was ever cut by a barber.

Dent has only a high school education, but he attended Chilli-cotte Business College, learned to



This illustration originally appeared in the March 1936 DOC SAVAGE MAGAZINE, "The Metal Master." Art illustration was republished by permission of Conde Nast Publications, Inc.

telegaph, and went to work for \$45.00 a month.

Dent studied law nights.

While working a night telegraph job—from midnight until eight in the morning—Dent turned his hand to writing adventure stories. His first thirteen stories, nobody would buy. The fourteenth story sold for \$250.00.

A few months later, a large New York publishing house, after reading the first story Dent sent them, telegraphed him to the effect that, "if you make less than a hundred dollars a week on your present job, advise you to quit; come to New York and be taken under our wing, with a five-hun-

"Doc . . . looks very much like Clark Gable."

dred-dollar-a-month drawing account."

After telegraphing friends in New York to inquire around about the publisher's sanity, Dent went to New York. That was in 1931.

The publisher who called Dent away from his Associated Press job in Tulsa was Dell. He wrote stories for their *War Aces*, *War Birds*, *All Western*, *Western Romances* and *All Detective*. He eventually wrote for many of the other pulp outfits and had sold to Street & Smith's *Popular* and *Top Notch* before taking up the Savage assignment. Though much of the pulp writing Dent did sounds like the work of a man who is enjoying himself, he often privately referred to it as "crud." Asked to explain Doc Savage to a reporter, Dent said, "He has the clue-following ability of Sherlock Holmes, the muscular tree-swinging ability of Tarzan, the scientific sleuthing of



"A giant who towered four inches over six feet. His face was severe. his mouth thin and grim. This was 'Renny' or Colonel John Renwick. Known for engineering skill."

vided by one of the art editors. He got seventy-five dollars per oil painting. The interior illustrations were drawn by Paul Orban. Orban followed directions and so inside the new magazine Doc did indeed look like Clark Gable for awhile. "I actually read all the stories," Orban told me. "The editors never interfered or suggested what to draw. The artists were on their own. The going price was fifteen dollars a drawing and thirty dollars for a double page spread." Unlike Baumhofer, who never encountered Lester Dent, Orban did meet him once, though briefly.

The maiden Doc Savage adventure was titled "The Man of Bronze." This inaugural novel about Clark Savage, Jr. and his group is written in a breathless turgid prose that is not characteristic of Dent and probably indicates some editorial committee work. It begins, "There was death afoot in the darkness," and ends, "The giant bronze man and his five friends would confront undreamed perils as the very depths of hell itself crashed upon their heads. And through all that, the work of Savage would go on!" In between the reader is introduced to Doc, who possesses "an unusually high forehead, a mobile and

Craig Kennedy and the morals of Jesus Christ."

The first issue of Doc Savage Magazine was dated March, 1933, and sold for ten cents. The Baumhofer cover showed a slightly tattered Doc standing in front of a piece of Mayan ruins that had several sinister natives lurking behind it. Baumhofer, who did every cover of the magazine for the next several years, has yet to read a Doc Savage novel. He usually based his cover paintings on a short synopsis pro-

muscular, but not too full mouth, lean cheeks." He looks like a statue sculptured in bronze, is what he looks like, and "most marvelous of all were his eyes. They glistened like pools of flake gold." He also has nice teeth. "This man was Clark Savage, Jr. Doc Savage! The man whose name was becoming a byword in the odd corners of the world!" This exclamatory novel also introduces

melodrama. Dent's sense of humor moved closer to the surface and by the mid 1930s the Doc Savage adventures had some resemblance to the screwball movies of the period. He was more and more mixing adventure and detective elements with wackiness and producing a sort of pulpwood equivalent of films *The Thin Man*, *Gunga Din*, and *China Seas*. These movies, despite different

"He looks like a statue sculptured in bronze."

Doc's crew of five, walking into Doc's headquarters atop one of the tallest buildings in New York.

The rest of the first novel details Doc's avenging the recent death of his father, exploring Mayan ruins in the Central American republic of Hidalgo, unmasking a villain known as the Feathered Serpent and finding enough gold to finance the remaining years of his pulp career.

In the issue after this came a lost world novel, "The Land of Terror," and next a Southern swamp adventure, "Quest of the Spider." As the series progressed a distinct Dent-type of book developed. The dime novel aura which was present in the first stories faded and both the plots and the prose dropped much of their

locales and themes, shared a fooling-around quality that was current then in a good many Hollywood pictures. In his Doc Savage novels Dent pushed the usual pulp adventure and science fiction plots often quite close to parody, whether he was dealing with infernal machines, plagues, master thieves, pixies or ogres. While quite a few of his competitors can now be read for their unconscious humor, all of the laughs in Dent are intentional. He excelled in devising villains who were both bizarre and baggy-pantsed. For instance:

Off to one side was a child's crib. It was an elaborate thing, with carvings and gilt inlays, and here and there rows of pearl studding.

The crib was about four feet long. The man who occupied it had plenty of room. He was a little gem of a man.

His face had that utter handsomeness which pen-and-ink artists give their heroes in the love story magazines. He wore little bathing trunks and a little bathrobe, smoked a little cigar in a little holder, and a toy glass on a rack at the side held a toy drink in which leaned a toy swizzle stick.

Dent was also partial to slender, salty tomboy heroines and they appear in most of his novels:

The big eyes were blue, a nice shade. There was more about her that was nice, too. Her nose, the shape of her mouth. Long Tom had a weakness for slender girls, and this one was certainly slender. She wore stout leather boots, shorts, a khaki pith helmet.

"Don't stand there staring!" she



Brigadier General Theodore Marly Brooks. "Ham" was "slender, waspy, quick-moving ... and possibly the most astute lawyer Harvard ever turned out."

snapped, "I want a witness! Somebody to prove I saw it."

She was a redhead. In height, she would have topped Doc's shoulder a bit. Altogether her features could hardly have been improved upon. She wore an amazing costume—a loose, brocade Russian blouse, drawn in at the waist with a belt fashioned of parallel lines of gold coins. From this dangled a slender, jewelled sword which Doc was certain dated back at least four centuries. There was also an efficient, spike-nosed, very modern automatic pistol.

Dent's action was often presented in choppy, quick-cut movie style. As in this assault from the novel, "Red Snow":

Doc Savage put on speed. He came in sight of the basement window just in time to see the gold-hoed legs of his quarry disappearing inside. Then, in the basement, a man saw Doc and bellowed profanely. What might have been a thick-walled steel pipe of small diameter jutted out of the window. Its tip acquired a flickering red spear-point of flame. The weapon was an automatic rifle of military calibre and its roar volleyed through the compound.



"Last came the most remarkable character of all. Only a few inches over five feet, he weighed better than two hundred pounds. He had the build of a gorilla. . . "Monk."

Doc Savage had rolled behind a palm, which, after the fashion of palms when stunted, was extremely wide at the base. The tree shuddered, and dead leaves loosened and fluttered in the wind. A cupro-nickel-jacketed slug came entirely through the hole. More followed. The hole began to split. The racket was terrific.

He also worked out a distinctive and personal way of starting a story. These were often abrupt and unlike the usual slow and moody Street & Smith openings so much favored by writers like Walter Gibson. For example:

When Ethel's Mama blew up, she shook the earth in more ways than one.

When the plane landed on a farmer's oat-stubble field in the Mississippi bottoms near St. Louis, the time was around ten in the morning.

The farmer had turned his cattle onto the stubble field to graze, and among the animals was a rogue bull which was a horned devil with strangers.

The bull charged the aviator.

The flier killed the bull with a spear.

The street should be very clean. The long-faced man had been sweeping it since daylight.



The magazine created a Doc Savage Credo, organized a Doc Savage Club and offered portraits, lapel pins and a gold award for deserving nominees.

Never completely reverent of Doc, Dent extemporized abilities for him that went beyond the wildest talents of your average everyday superhero. In one novel, for instance, Doc Savage displays not only a remarkable knack for fashion designing but an exceptional skill for leading a dance band.

Doc Savage Magazine proved to be another best-selling title for Street & Smith and it stayed on the stands for sixteen years all told. The periodical remained monthly until after the war and then declined down through bi-monthly and finally quarterly publication. There were 181 separate novels devoted to Doc Savage, all credited to Kenneth Robeson. Of these Dent seems to have written all but about two

(Continued on page 58)



"Next was Major Thomas J. Roberts, dubbed 'Long Tom.' Long Tom was the physical weakling of the crowd.... He was a wizard with electricity."



Ross Ely, the six-foot five, Texas born, television Tarzan will play the Man of Bronze in the Warner Brothers movie of the same name. In the background is the painting used on Bantam's paperback version of *THE MAN OF BRONZE*.

"OH YEAH, THAT'S WHATISNAME!"

By Michael Valenti

You've probably seen all of these actors before, and you know their faces well, but their names... well, test yourself. How many do you know?



1. The shifty eyes, ragged mouth and air of false bravado made him a natural for Gangland, U.S.A. Yet, surprisingly, he rarely played a mobster. But whatever reputation he ran was sure to be a shady one: if he was a nightclub owner, hoodlums gravitated to it; if he was a captain or first mate on a tramp steamer, you could lay odds there was first cargo on board, even when he played a cop he was at least on the take—if not actually in with the Syndicate. But despite his scheming ways, he seldom survived to the last reel.



3. If the cruelest prison system in the country was recruiting captains nationwide, his resume would be ranked No. 1. He also parlayed shunting yards as a railroad dick who enjoyed working over hoboes who fell under the mercy of his billy. If he turned up as a nightclub owner or businessman, the crumpled black suits, the shifty eyes and air of portent depravity told you it was a shady operation. But beneath the street—to the delight of audiences—there was a vein of crookedness.



4. The soul of amiability, he usually turned up as the busy sheriff who believed in fair play and managed to run his town with hot gunbells fired most of the time. You had the feeling he was too well liked to be bushwhacked, even by the scowling bunch from the Bad Men Ranch who thundered into town on weekends in search of a little good rape and mayhem and other western diversions. In crises, he untangled even more efficiently, generally sporting a bow tie, pipe and rumpled neckerchief—and the personality to go with it. Friendly, sometimes to the point of being glib, he is probably one of the most likable character actors to ever have salvaged a hopeless script.



2. Whether as a naive neighbor, offbeat nurse or secretary, she was always eager to zero in on trouble—and then say or do whatever would most speedily bring the crisis to fever pitch. The face and tall boyish body told the whole story. The viewer's eyes and racing chin made the nose look longer and pointier. Flirt and amiable, the voice was the light on the emptiness within that fired up the lust for swooping. Nevertheless, you could almost feel sorry for her, for by Hollywood's romantic standards she was doomed to perpetual cinematic opiatehood.



5. Nobody exemplified the Depression years better than this sharp-faced scourge of those foolish enough to buy on credit. In dozens of movies, he must have rekindled every teen of fustian listed in the Sears Roebuck catalogue. And when he wasn't pitilessly depriving babies of their bathrobes or octogenarians of their false teeth, he generally turned up in court as a fast-talking slyster finding outrageous legal precedents to confound every judge who ever rode the cinema circuit.



7. Whether guilty or innocent, he seemed born for the gas chamber. He nearly always turned up smiling, but you knew before you got half way through the picture the snafu was going to turn into a whopper. Even when, on rare occasions, the Governor came through with an 18-hour reprieve, either it got there too late because the phone wires were down—or someone gratuitously knifed him in the prison mess hall that night.

8. If Elsie Cook Jr. never knew what was going on—even when the bodies began to drop around her—this amiable professional Irishman always did. As a wise-cracking bartender in garish cabbies, he was usually on the fringes of the underworld but not of it. Quick thinking, full of zing and ginger, he was never surprised by the turn of events or shocked by coincidence or wholesale may hem. He had the cynical savvy of the survivor and could probably talk his way out of a maximum-security prison.



8. Through the Depression he played starving artists or philosophical bums, sometimes combining the two in beautifully eccentric portraits that somehow were lost their Old World dignity. With the appearance of war clouds over Europe, he joined the Hollywood Battalion of Professional Axis Fascists. He could show bravery with the bravado of an eagle or the shrill of a scold, and went off to die almost cheerfully with guerrilla bands that almost always suffered heavy losses.



9. The most successful of the great comedians of the 1930s, he was a man who could make you laugh or cry in a matter of seconds. He was a man who could make you laugh or cry in a matter of seconds. He was a man who could make you laugh or cry in a matter of seconds.



10. He played dumb Swedes and dirt farmers, and despite his tender eyes and soft voice, someone, especially his wife, was sure to play him dirt. If he owned a restaurant, it was held up regularly; if he was a god-father, he had a brand of rum; a was-out look and unseemly called his wife "Mama"; if he shipped out in World War II, you could automatically chalk up another bottom for the German wall packs that landed just outside Hellfax. Comedically, he never had a prayer.



11. The most successful of the great comedians of the 1930s, he was a man who could make you laugh or cry in a matter of seconds. He was a man who could make you laugh or cry in a matter of seconds. He was a man who could make you laugh or cry in a matter of seconds.

DOC SAVAGE AND HIS CIRCLE

(Continued from page 55)

dozens. The official Street & Smith records, now looked after by Conde Nast Publications, show nine Doc Savage novels are the work of the ubiquitous Norman Daniels, four are by Alan Hathway and three by William Bogart. All three men were S&S hacks in the 30s and 40s. Laurence Donovan, another undistinguished workhorse, is also sometimes mentioned as having contributed to the corpus. The major period of ghosting was in 1936 and 1937. According to Frank Gruber, "along about 1936 Lester Dent began to tire of Doc Savage. He thought the stories too juvenile and he thought that he should be trying to write more adult fiction." During these same years Dent acquired the forty-foot Albatross, which he referred to as his "treasure hunt schooner," and he was spending a good deal of time aboard it. Besides the ghost writers who made the official list at Street & Smith, Dent hired a few others on the side. Ryerson Johnson, an affable little pulp writer, remembers doing at least three Doc Savages in 1935. "I did 'Land Of Always Night,'" he told me. "Another one, and something about the Galapagos Islands and giant turtles." Dent made \$750 per novel and he paid Johnson \$500 out of that. Johnson remembers being handed \$500 in cash on a street corner in Manhattan after doing the giant turtle book.

As a merchandising property Doc Savage didn't equal The Shadow. There were no movies, no serials. There was a radio show, but it ran only in the East during one wartime summer. The Doc Savage comic book never did well either. A number of cartoonists drew the feature, including William A. Smith, later a *Saturday Evening Post* illustrator and currently a gallery painter. As with many of their later characters, Street & Smith's timing was off. They didn't think of using him as a comic book hero until 1940 and by then there was Superman. It's obvious Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster had recognized Doc Savage's potential much earlier. Dedicated pulp readers, the two young Cleveland boys borrowed considerably

from Dent's character for their own super-hero. It isn't because of coincidence that Superman's name is Clark Kent and that he was initially billed as the Man of Steel.

In the pulp magazines themselves there were a number of imitation Docs. None of them, such as Captain Hazard, survived beyond the 30s. Street & Smith tried, too, most notably with a sea-faring adventurer named Cap Fury. The captain and his crew had their own magazine for awhile. It was called *The Skipper* and the busy Norman Daniels ghosted the novels.

Lester Dent died just ten years after his character had folded. That was in 1959 while he was, once more, on a treasure hunting cruise. A year prior to that, Dent, who never substantially realized his ambition to progress to slicks and best sellers, was asked to reminisce about his pulp days. He had by then written hundreds of short stories and nearly two hundred novels, earning as much as \$4,000 a month. All he spoke well of out of all that material

It isn't because of coincidence that Superman's name is Clark Kent and that he was initially billed as the Man of Steel.

were the two short stories he'd done for *Black Mask* in the 1930s. He sold the stories, both of which dealt with a lean Florida detective named Sail, to editor Joseph Shaw. He admired Shaw for being "gentle with his writers. You went into *Black Mask* and talked with him, you felt you were doing fiction that was powerful, you had feelings of stature." In 1936 Shaw was fired from the magazine. This, Lester Dent felt, "is what kept me from becoming a fine writer. Had I been exposed to the man's cunning hand for another year or two, I couldn't have missed... Instead I wrote reams of saleable crap which became my pattern, and gradually there slipped away the bit of power Shaw had started awakening in me."

AN ODE TO ROCK

(Continued from page 56)

you. Collars up, cuffs in the pants, and when the cuffs were off, it was a 14 inch peg tapered right down. Everything was cool, and sometimes today you wonder how much it really changed, and then you put on the radio and don't hear the heart rendering sounds of The Platters, or see Jerry Lee Lewis on television. (He didn't seem half as wild as people said he was, even though his three biggies came on pretty strong). There was Richie Valens, but not much later he's killed in a plane crash with J.P. Richardson (The Big Bopper) and Buddy Holly—who was really a rockier.

Dion showed us that a lead singer could be everything to everyone and Ed Sullivan introduced Johnny Cash and The Tennessee Two, (Luther Perkins and Marshall Grant), as the next Elvis. But Ole Johnny stayed country and became the first Johnny Cash. Though in 1958, his "Ballad of a Teenage Queen" showed a fine flair for really good country/rock, similar to early Roy Orbison (Orbison, pre-"Only The Lonely"). The Coasters brand of rock 'n' roll—thanks to their writer/producer geniuses, Lieber & Stoller—rose miles above the traditional novelty songs by creating humorous songs that portrayed the life and times of the latter 50s very accurately: "Charlie Brown", "Yakety-Yak", "Poison Ivy", etc. Lieber & Stoller along with Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman were the writing team wizards and Chuck Berry was the chief rock poet, knocking out words and music that went directly to where you lived, in school, out of school and on the open road.

You're out there on the side streets in your '53 Chevy, skirts on, lowered in the back by a 200 pound bag of sand in the trunk, Caddy hub-caps, and the top is down. You're heading from Cherry Street out to Main Street and the Everly Brother are singing "Til I Kissed You" on your radio. You hit Main Street, chipping some rubber out of second gear and leap into third. It starts raining, a few big drops first, and pretty soon it's pouring. So you turn it up all the way... letting the music drown out the rain... "Never knew what I missed, 'Til I kissed you..."



HUGHES, HARLOW AND HELL'S ANGELS

By Ron Fry

Fifteen years before America said goodbye to the simple, isolated life forever and came of age by entering the Second World War, Howard Hughes reached his majority. (And he's been at least fifteen years ahead of the rest of the country ever since.) Hughes had been an orphan since he was eighteen, and now as a man he faced the world alone—bravely to be sure—but with a terrible handicap.

His uncle, Rupert Hughes, writing in a 1937 *Liberty* magazine said that Howard had been left in complete control of a great factory and a great fortune, "and in daily life what could be a more dreadful handicap to any child than being the son of a rich and brilliant man? Starting from scratch and handicapped with all those riches?"

But Hughes overcame that severe handicap admirably and went on to become a richer and more brilliant man than his father had ever been. He is a legendary King Midas with an international reputation for derring-do and a penchant for the unusual—A trait that many would label downright eccentricity and unhealthy isolation. However, in

1926 Howard was still young and not so inaccessible as he was later to become. There were worlds for him to create and conquer, and the first he tackled was the make-believe one of Hollywood.

"He took up motion pictures because they fascinated him," wrote Rupert. "And made some of the biggest pictures ever turned out. His interest in aviation and years of flying led him to select for his magnum opus an aviation epic which he called *Hell's Angels*."

Prior to that particular magnum opus, Hughes had tested the celluloid waters of Hollywood by putting up the money for Marshall Neilan's *Everybody's Acting* (released in

1926). Since he realized a reported return on his investment of nearly 50%, Hughes decided to jump into the silver lake feet first.

His next project, in association with John Considine, was a melodramatic comedy, *Two Arabian Knights*, directed by Lewis Milestone (the director of *Front Page*) and starring Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. This

film was also a success, which didn't dampen Hughes' enthusiasm any, so he decided to form his own production company. Caddo was named in honor of some Louisiana oil fields from which his father had profited.

Again the idea came from Marshall Neilan. It was perfect for Hughes for the story concerned air warfare during World War I.

Above, Lyon, Harlow and Hall. "The picture is to the brim with sex," VARIETY said in its 1930 review of the film. "It won't teach the modern youngsters anything, but it will certainly give 'em an idea of themselves in action. [Jean Harlow still] probably always have to play these kind of roles, but nobody ever starved possessing what she's got."





Whether Hughes actually spent four million on the picture is subject to debate, however this poster proclaims the fact that the money spent was a selling point

Caddo borrowed a director from Paramount and hired James Hall and Ben Lyon to play the two major male roles. Greta Nissen—a Norwegian beauty—was hired to play the female lead. Hughes also borrowed a director from Paramount, Luther Reed. "But Reed, who had been an aviation editor for the *New York Herald* and knew the air, had ideas of his own, and friction developed to such a point that one day, after an earnest talk, Reed resigned and Howard announced that he would direct the picture himself," according to Ruppert Hughes.

James Hall and Ben Lyon did not give their hearty approval to the change as Hughes was a novice in film and they were seasoned actors, but they stayed on.

"Hollywood was Howard's classroom," Millstone once remarked. "He was learning about movies. He was the type of person who could never accept anything as the truth unless he had learned it or experienced it personally for himself. He would not take anyone's word; he had to do it and then store it away for that genius mind of his."

The plot of the magnum opus—*Hell's Angels*—was slim, to say the least. It concerned the competition of two handsome young British pilots as they vied for the attention of an English society girl. But the plot was, after all, merely a framework for Hughes' real interest—the chance to portray the exciting aerial battle of British and German flyers.

The film was to be silent. Talkies

were not to make their thunderous debut until 1929, the year the first version of *Hell's Angels* was finished. So the fact that Greta Nissen spoke little English was of no matter. She could have recited her favorite Norwegian pastry recipes and Hughes couldn't have cared less.

Two million dollars (an amount unprecedented in pre-Hughes Hollywood) and a little over a year later, the film premiered in Los Angeles. The first camera rolled in October 1927 and in March 1929, an audience sat down to watch the movie. They apparently sat on their hands, for they made less noise than the whirling of the projector as the dashing British pilots gallantly pursued the love of the fluttering Norwegian beauty in stoned silence.

She was the girl "With The Platinum Blonde Hair."

The audience watched as machine guns sputtered noiselessly overhead and flaming aircraft disappeared into silent seas.

Sitting in a stone silence of his own, Hughes realized that he had sunk two million dollars into a tongue-tied turkey. His advisors pleaded with him to release the film anyway. Or at least recall it and dub in fight noises, leaving just the actors silent. But Hughes paid them no attention, he was too busy listening to that voice inside his own head. And he did the characteristically unconventional. Like a gambler who could only hope to win back his boat by betting his house, Hughes decided to completely remake the picture, and make it "One Hundred Percent All-Talking!" as the billboards across the country were beginning to dub the new sound movies.

Everything had to be reshot—with the notable exception of the aerial battles. Those sounds could be dubbed into the sound track, but the actor's voices couldn't.

The screen play was written and the main actors and actresses were given voice tests. Lyon and Hall passed, but Creta did not. Her thick Norwegian accent was hardly acceptable coming from an English society lady. She was paid off and Hughes began a search for his new

leading lady. He wanted an unknown for several reasons; he didn't want the extra problem of directing an established star who knew more than he did about movie making; he wished to start a stable of stars for Caddo, and he enjoyed the feeling of creating a new star.

Gossip spread quickly and soon all of Hollywood knew Hughes was looking for an unknown to star in his film. Dozens of hopefuls came to his office, among them Ann Harding, June Collyer and a willowy blonde named Carol Peters. (Carol Peters never worked under that name, but

after a few dramatic lessons and a few breaks, she did quite well as Carole Lombard.)

Hughes finally decided to gamble on an ash-blond bit player from the early Laurel and Hardy short comedies named Harlene Carpenter. The girl was very pretty and could at least sound like an English socialite as well, almost. Hughes signed her to a \$125.00 a week contract and ordered her hair bleached even more. Hughes and his publicity men made her a star. She became the girl with "The Platinum Blonde Hair."

In the midst of all this, the



Above with Eddie Kane in *GOLDIE*.
Right Harlene poses for a studio publicity shot.



SARATOGA was Harlow's last film. Above with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Walter Catlett.

depression hit, leaving Hughes shaken, but still wealthy. He had other worries as well, since his wife had left him, taking a \$1.25 million divorce settlement with her.

Hughes threw himself totally into finishing the remake, determined to succeed at all cost. When the picture was finally completed and released in May, 1930, it premiered at Grauman's Famous Chinese Theater in Hollywood. This time it clicked. Hughes had spent almost three years and a reported four million dollars on the film—an amount subject to dispute—but his gamble paid off; the film eventually grossed over seven million.

Hughes produced five more pictures in the year following the release of *Hell's Angels*, and introduced Pat O'Brien in *Front Page*, Paul Muni in *Scarface*, and—among others—George Raft and Karen Morley, but the Platinum Blonde was a Hughes special, one of a kind.

There is an interesting sidelight

about the making of Hughes' movie, which Howard Hawks discussed in a 1974 issue of *Film Comment*. At the time Hughes was finishing his movie in 1930, Hawks was making *Dawn Patrol*. Hughes felt that Hawks had stolen the end of his movie and used it as the ending of *Dawn Patrol*.

"As far as the end of the picture," Hawks said, "I told Hughes years ago I didn't think he made the scene very good in *Hell's Angels* and I made it again. The only thing we cut out of it was one line, 'Draw your gun.' It played better without that line. Hughes sent down a battery of lawyers; we'd have won if we'd wanted to defend it, but finally I cut it out and it was better. I had a hangover one Sunday morning and Hughes showed up at the house and said, 'I'm making a picture called *Hell's Angels*. I'm making a scene of a flyer getting shot in the chest and the plane explodes. You've got the same scene in your picture. I don't want you to do it.' I said, 'Howard,

I make pictures for a living; you make them for fun. I got a hangover; I'm not interested in talking about it.'

"So he got his writer to go to my secretary and offer two hundred dollars for a script. She told me about it, and I had a couple of detectives hiding in her closet. When the guy offered her the money, they said, 'You're under arrest.' Hughes called me and said, 'Hey, you've got that writer of mine in jail.' And I said, 'You son of a bitch, he'll stay there.' He said, 'What did you do that for?' I said, 'I don't like anybody corrupting a nice girl. If you had wanted the script why didn't you ask me for it?' He said, 'Would you have given it to me?' I said 'Sure, I would have. You can't own a scene like that. A person that gets shot riding in an airplane almost always gets shot in the chest.' So he was doing everything he could to keep our picture from coming out before his. People do strange things."

The girl who was to star in *Hell's Angels* was born in Kansas City, Missouri on March 3, 1911 to a Kansas City dentist Montclair Carpenter and his wife, the former Jean Harlow. Her parents were divorced when Harlow was ten and she and her mother moved to Los Angeles. Although they stayed in L.A. only three years, apparently the California climate agreed with Harlow for when she eloped with Charles McCrew in 1927, they headed straight for L.A. Harlow was sixteen.

The young Mrs. McCrew had a girl friend who was doing bit parts in movies and she helped Harlow get a card from Central Casting. Harlow began to get bit parts and extra work in such films as Hal Roach's 1928 Laurel and Hardy comedy *Double Whoopee* and Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights*. She got her first billing in Paramount's *Saturday Night Kid* which starred Clara Bow, but her big break came when Howard Hughes selected her as the unknown to star in his second, talking version of *Hell's Angels*. She was on her way up and in 1931, the year after *Hell's Angels* was released, she appeared in five films: *The Secret Six* (April, 1931) with Wallace Berry, John Mack Brown, and Clark Gable; *The Iron Man* with Lew Ayres and Robert Armstrong (April, 1931); *The Public Enemy* (May, 1931). Goldie with Spencer Tracy (June, 1931), *Platinum Blonde* with Loretta Young and Robert Williams (October, 1931.)

Even though she received top billing and success with the public, the critics—with few exceptions—had only unkind words for her. "A plausible character," one said. "Miss Harlow looks stunning in clothes, but she doesn't exactly get the hang of motion picture histrionics," wrote another. "The acting throughout is interesting with the exception of Jean Harlow," and "She is a decorative person but lacks the spark needed to shine as a personality."

In reviewing *Hell's Angels*, *Variety* at least seemed to detect something about Harlow that most of the other reviewers had missed: "Jean Harlow wafts plenty of 'that' across the sheet and dresses to accentuate it. It doesn't make much difference what degree of talent she possesses here, for the boys are apt to go in an uproar over this girl who is



With Loretta Young and Robert Ames in *PLATINUM BLONDE*.

the most sensuous figure in front of a camera in some time. She'll probably always have to play this kind of role, but nobody ever starved possessing what she's got."

It was not until 1932 with the release of *Beast of the City* that she began to shine with the critics as well as the public. And even Irene Thirer of the *New York Daily News*, who had previously written that Harlow lacked that "spark," now said, "Yep, the platinum blonde baby really acts in this one."

Jean Harlow took off from there. It was a short life, full of scandal and rumor. It was widely believed that the blonde hair had some pretty

dark roots. But when she died on June 7, 1937, of a cerebral oedema at the age of twenty-six, her millions of fans reacted in shocked disbelief. There had been no hint that she had even been ill. Speculations and wild rumors about the "real" cause of her death were numerous and widespread. The fact that the funeral was to be private and her coffin unopened only added fuel to the fire.

In any event, Jean Harlow was laid to rest in Forest Lawn's "Sanctuary of Benediction," in a crypt to be named the "Jean Harlow" room, with suitable marble and silver memorials. But her greatest memorials were the films she made.



With Ben Lyon in a scene from *HELL'S ANGELS*.

THE FONDA KIND OF MAGIC

By Walter Hogan

"... When Fonda Smiles, The Theater Shines."

He opened in Louisville. Then played Chicago. And in late March walked onto the stage of the Helen Hayes Theater in New York City as star of a one-man play: Henry Fonda as "Clarence Darrow." As usual, he displayed what novelist John Steinbeck called "the Fonda kind of magic."

"Count yourself among the lucky if you have a ticket," wrote William Mootz in his theater review for the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. In his review for the *New York Times*, critic Barnes urged everyone, man, woman and child to see this play.

"As for Mr. Fonda, it would be difficult to think or praise him too high." And in the following Sunday's *Times*, Walter Kerr's piece was summed up by the headline: "The Performance Is Perfect." That must have pleased Fonda. And perhaps made him think of a time in Omaha when his career was just starting.

In the summer of 1926 Fonda had a job with a credit company "filing and crossfiling. I was just learning the system," he recalled, "when Foley [Gregory Foley, director of the Omaha Community Playhouse] called me to ask if I would play the lead in George Kaufman's and Marc Connelly's *Merton of the Movies*—the part Glenn Hunter had on Broadway. I said yes, but when I came home with the news, I was greeted by ice. Dad said it wasn't a good idea to quit my Retail Credit job. And he didn't think I could do justice to two things like that."

Fonda decided that he wanted to and felt he could. "It really got to the point of an argument. I was twenty-one and stubborn, and I said I was going to leave home if necessary." It wasn't, for "Mother was a pacifist and she came in and calmed things over." Fonda would go to work at seven in the morning and rehearse the play.

"So," as Fonda told Mike Steen and his tape recorder for the book

was living in his home and not doing what he wanted me to do. This routine went on for five or six weeks.

But eventually we opened, and my two sisters, my mother, and my father came to the theater."

That opening night "I got my first feeling of what acting was all about. I liked the whole idea of getting up there and being Merton." So did the critics. One of the reviews of the play said, "Who needs Glenn

My favorite Fonda performance: Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford and Dana Andrews co-starred with Henry Fonda, in 1947, in *Daisy Kenyon*. In reply to a letter in connection with this article, Miss Crawford wrote NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED as follows:

"It is very difficult for me to choose a single performance of Mr. Fonda's as my favorite in his very distinguished career. I think I must choose *Mr. Roberts*, as I saw him in both the stage play and the film. Even though I have chosen *Mr. Roberts*, this does not mean I do not value and revere his great talent in drama. It only adds to my deep respect for him because of his many-faceted talent. I don't think that Hank will ever reach the height of that full, lush, evergreen, flowing talent, because he has the distinction of an overflow of abilities bottled up in him that seem as though they are almost ready to explode momentarily. His dedication and consummate discipline as an actor are joys to behold. I am grateful that I had the privilege of working with him. I am sorry it had to be only once, because I could have learned so much from him."

Hollywood Speaks, an oral history (Putnam, 1974), "I rarely saw anybody in my own family. And when I did see my father, it was a tense situation between us, and we didn't speak! He had been overruled, and I

"A lean, stringy, dark-faced piece of electricity walked out on the screen, and he had me," wrote John Steinbeck in a tribute to Henry Fonda's brilliant screen portrayal of Tom Joad in *THE GRAPES OF WRATH*.



"He carries with him that excitement which cannot be learned..."



A star in his first film in 1935, Henry Fonda recreated his Broadway role opposite Janet Gaynor in *THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE*.

Hunter? We have Henry." And that night Fonda was given an ovation. His sister Harriet came back to tell him the family would wait for him at home, since it was so crowded.

"Eventually I got home," Fonda told Steen, "and my family was waiting for me in the main room. Harriet, my mother, and Jayne were in one grouping, and Dad was sitting apart in his chair behind a paper. Since he and I hadn't spoken for weeks, I didn't start it with him. I went to them. They were very enthusiastic. Everything was superlatives, and it went on and on and on. Then Harriet said something that sounded like it was going to be a criticism. She didn't even get to it. She said, 'Well, there was one place I thought if only—' And Dad said, 'Shut up! He was perfect!' I've told that story many times," added

1962): "I look like my father. To this day, when I walk past a mirror and see my reflection in it, my first impression is: That's my father. There's a strong Fonda look. It's in my sisters, in their children, in my children."

Proof of this is the first time director Joshua Logan saw Peter sitting in the nursery. In his article, "The Fondas I Knew," Logan wrote: "I remember walking up the stairs and staring into a room where, in a small cage-like pen, sat a tiny child with huge blue-green eyes. It was Fonda staring out at me through those huge eyes. I wanted to say, 'You can come out now, Hank. I know where you're hiding.'"

Hiding. That's a key word for Fonda the actor. As he's said, "Acting is putting on a mask. The worst torture that can happen to me is not having a mask to get in back of." To another interviewer, he said: "To me it's therapy. I grew up very shy—not that I'm not a self-conscious man... But ever since I played in that little theater in Omaha when I was a kid, I haven't been able to wait to get out there on that stage. On stage, I was the character; it wasn't me, so I didn't have to be self-conscious."

But he almost didn't find theater's particular masks of comedy and tragedy. His first bent was to writing, maybe because his father owned a printing company in

Fonda, "and it always grabs me because my father was something special. When he approved, that was putting on the badge! From then on I couldn't make a mistake as far as my father was concerned."

Fonda is often reminded of him, for, as he told Lillian and Helen Ross for *The Player* (Simon & Schuster,

My favorite Fonda performance: Joshua Logan

Joshua Logan was one of the members of The University Players who asked Fonda to join the group in the late 20's. In 1935 when Logan directed his first film, *I Met My Love Again*, Fonda had a starring role. And ten years later when Logan and Thomas Heggen collaborated on the script for the play *Mr. Roberts*, they discovered that each had the same actor in mind for the role: Fonda.

When NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED asked him to name his favorite performance by Mr. Fonda, Mr. Logan replied as follows:

"Although I should like *Mr. Roberts* the best as I wrote it for him and he was ideal, I really have to say I prefer his Frank James in *Jesse James*. His understated menace completely stole the picture from the more flamboyant but juvenile Ty Power. Fonda was powerful but scarcely flicked an eyelash.

"Fonda is a theater saint; he says only what's required—he's dedicated and seethes with unshowing emotion.

"Long live Fonda—he helped me be what I am..."



Omaha, where he was raised. At age ten Fonda wrote a story called "The Mouse," told from the mouse's point of view, and it was published in a newspaper of Dandee (suburb of Omaha). Fonda went to the University of Minnesota "with the idea of majoring in journalism," he said, "but I was working my way through as an athletic director at a settlement house so I had no time or energy for any of the things college had always meant to me. I was so discouraged that after two years I quit." He went back home in June of '25 and by September knew he wasn't going back to college.

That's when theatrical opportunity knocked. Or rather phoned. And the call came from a friend of Fonda's mother, Mrs. Dorothy Brando, on the board of the Playhouse, then starting its second season. Mrs. Brando (Name seem familiar? She's Marlon's mother) asked Fonda if he'd help out at the Playhouse and he did and found it was just another odd job until the boy slated to play the lead in Philip Barry's *You and I* bowed out in order to go back to college. "I was

available," Fonda recalled, "so I got pushed into it." Fonda didn't want to do the part. He only did it because he was too bashful to say strongly, "Don't do this to me. Leave me alone." He remembers "the first readings and rehearsals only with a remembrance of how self-conscious I was. I thought everybody was looking at me. I kept my head down in the playbook. I had never even read out loud! When I finally did sort of look up, and I don't know how many days it took, they weren't looking at me. They all had their own problems. So very slowly I relaxed enough to look around me."

He looked around and learned

With Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sydney in *THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE* (1936), Henry Fonda played a mountaineer—and Al Capp found a prototype for *Li'l Abner*!

brought no argument from his father, and he left Nebraska with his father's good wishes, arriving in 1928, in June, when casting is virtually at a stand still. So he drove with a friend to Cape Cod; no work at the Provincetown Playhouse, on by train to Dennis, where he did get an unsalaried job ("I had the hundred dollars, so I stayed") doing backstage

"When I see Fonda, whether on the stage or screen, he completely involves me in whatever he is doing. I can't believe he's anything but the part he is playing. You might call him the super-realistic actor. He ought to play *Iago*."

— Richard Burton, from *The Fondas*.

what it was like to put on that important theater mask. He stayed at the Playhouse for two years, eventually became director Foley's paid assistant: \$500 for a 9-month season.

His decision to try for the big time

work at the community playhouse. He took the job on the chance that something might turn up. It did—in the form of a wire from a boy who was to play the son in "The Barker," saying he was detained in New York.



Henry Fonda was the immediate choice of director John Ford and novelist John Steinbeck for the role of Tom Joad, here with Ma (Jane Darwell) in the 1940 screen masterpiece, *THE GRAPES OF WRATH*.

"All the other juveniles in the company wanted the role, of course, but as Fonda told Ray Hagen for an article in *Films and Filaking* (June, 1966), "Whether I had talent or not, I couldn't have been righter for it. He was a naive boy from the farm, and all I had to do was act natural."

Then came a fortunate occurrence which Fonda recalled with affection: "A friend of mine from Omaha knew a group of undergraduates who had organized The University Players nearby at Falmouth. He

came to see me in 'The Barker' and asked me to come and see the group do 'The Torchbearers.'"

Now let Josh Logan pick up the story: "The first sound I heard from Henry Fonda was his laugh. What a laugh he has! It starts with a strangled sob, then soars into a screech played at the wrong speed. You hear it not with your ears but your bones. But at the time, it was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard, because I was on stage trying to be funny as Huxley Hoosefrose in *The Torchbearers*; this unique laughter was in the audience and he obviously got my message.

"We met backstage afterwards. I had no idea who this strange, shy, lanky youth could be as he was being introduced to me in my dressing room. His chest was so caved in and his head and pelvis so pushed forward that I wasn't sure whether he was tall or short, and had to wait until the accordion unfolded to learn that he was well over six feet. But still there was that beautiful male face...when he whinnied out that laugh again and I knew who it had been out there in the darkness, I loved him immediately."

So did the rest apparently, for Fonda was asked to join. He did immediately. And thus became a member of The University Players, a group of ambitious theater aspirants. Though they probably hoped it, they couldn't have known then that their company was comprised of a veritable Milky Way of incipient stars soon to shine on stage and

My favorite Fonda performances: William A. Wellman

Director William A. Wellman, asked in *Hollywood Speaks* if he had any favorite actors and actresses, replied:

"Every director has his opinion. I've used a lot of them from Richard Barthelmess to Tab Hunter, and the best actor I've had the pleasure of using is Hank Fonda. His performance in *The Ox-Bow Incident* is one of the best I've seen in my life. He looked dirty and tired and played the hell out of the character. We got along beautifully. Unfortunately, I made only one picture with him."

And in his recently published autobiography, *A Short Time for Insanity* (Hawthorn Books, 1974), Wellman wrote of "Hank Fonda, perhaps the best actor I have ever directed, certainly the most dedicated. Six weeks before we started *The Ox-Bow Incident*, he wardrobe himself, had me okay it, and then lived and probably slept in it. The boots, the Levi's, the hat, the shirt, the bandanas became a part of Gil Carter (the character he played), not Hank Fonda, because Hank had become Gil. He looked it, talked it, felt it, and, by the time we were ready to shoot it, smelled it, and his performance was perfection."

screen in various areas. Besides Logan, the group during its run included Bretagne Windust, Kent Smith, Myron McCormick, John Swope, Charles Leatherbee, Norris Houghton, Karl Swenson, Barbara O'Neil, Margaret Sullivan, and James Stewart, "who was enrolled in the company as much for his accordion as for his acting," according to a picture caption in *But Not Forgotten* (William Sloane Associates, 1931), Houghton's delightful account of the pleasures and perils of the summer theater group's brief span. Well, not all that brief. It was a five-year run: 1928-1932.

During the winters when the others returned to school, Fonda returned to New York to look for work—"and starve." For two winters he worked with The National Junior Theater in Washington, D.C., where he met Mildred Natwick. And he was dismayed to learn he could get more work on the stock circuit as a scenic designer than actor. After the majority of the group was graduated from college, in 1931, they followed their summer season in Falmouth with a season of repertory in Baltimore.

In Christmas week of 1931, Henry Fonda married Margaret Sullivan in the dining room of the Baltimore repertory company. Fonda said later: "It was the first marriage for both of us and it didn't last long. She was established and I had to find a job."

He found a bit on Broadway in *I Loved You Wednesday* in 1932, the



Tyronne Power was JESSE JAMES (1939) and Henry Fonda played his brother Frank.

George Brent and Henry Fonda were two of the men subjected to the malicious charms of the pre-Clall War New Orleans belle, played by Oscar-winning Bette Davis as JEZEBEL (1938).



same year Foley asked him to "guest star" ("even though I hadn't done anything") back in Omaha in a play of his choice. He selected J.M. Barrie's *A Kiss For Cinderella* (he'd played it in Falmouth with Sullivan and in Washington with Natwick in a Children's Theatre production). They staged a talent hunt for the title role. And Fonda remembers the 13-year-old girl who "played the audition scene with me and had everybody bawling. So that was it. She played Cinderella. Her name? Dorothy McGuire.

"What a laugh he has! You hear it not with your ears but in your bones."



Director William Wellman and Fonda fought to make the critically acclaimed drama, *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* (1943), a study of lynch mob violence. In this scene with Fonda: Ted North, Victor Kilian, Henry Morgan, and Harry Davisport.

In 1933 Fonda had a small part in *Foraking All Others*, starring Tallulah Bankhead, who had cast approval. Says Fonda: "I was 28 and looked 18. When Tallulah asked me my age, and I told her, she said, 'Knock it off, sonny!' But I got the part anyway."

Then—in 1934—things began to happen. He appeared in the first edition of Leonard Sillman's *New Faces*. Doing what? Comedy skits with Imogene Coca. Leland Hayward spotted him, put him under contract and began to manage his career. He managed a deal of \$1,000

a week with Walter Wanger for two pictures each summer—"and I could go back to the theatre in the winter!"

Fonda went back to Mt. Kisco to finish out the season. He appeared in Melnar's *The Swan* with Geoffrey Kerr and so impressed June Walker (Mrs. Kerr) that she suggested to author Marc Connelly (one of the authors of *Merton of the Movies*, you recall) that Fonda play opposite her in his new play, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, which was to be her next Broadway show.

Fonda got the part. The play opened Oct. 30, 1934 and was an instant hit. Miss Walker got the superlatives, of course, but Fonda got good notices.

When Fox bought the play for films, Janet Caynor was their big-

gest female star. To play opposite her they wanted Cary Cooper or Joel McCrea, both unavailable. Then Fonda had his chance. He may have had bits on Broadway, but in movies he started as a star, and that put him one up on most of his contemporaries—Stewart, Crant, Wayne, Cooper, Power, Milland, Gable, Bogart et al., who first played secondary roles or less. Fox paid Wanger \$5,000 a week for Fonda. And Wanger gave Fonda half the coverage. "He was a nice man," said Fonda. "I got \$1,000 a week from Wanger, plus half the coverage, which came to \$2,000—so I got \$3,000 a week for my first picture."

He also got an important acting lesson from director Victor Fleming. "The first day on the set," said

The Films and Plays of Henry Fonda 1935 through 1955

- 1935: *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, *Way Down East*, *I Dream Too Much*
- 1936: *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *The Moon's Our Home*, *Spendthrift*
- 1937: *You Only Live Once*, *Wings of Morning*, *Slim*, *That Certain Woman*
- 1938: *I Met My Love Again*, *Jezebel*, *Blockade*, *Spawn of the North*, *The Mad Miss Manton*
- 1939: *Jesse James*, *Let Us Live*, *Alexander Graham Bell*, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, *Drums Along the Mohawk*
- 1940: *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Lillian Russell*, *The Return of Frank James*, *Chad Hanna*, *The Lady Eve*
- 1941: *Wild Geese Calling*, *You Belong to Me*
- 1942: *The Male Animal*, *Rings on Her Fingers*, *The Magnificent Dope*, *The Tales of Manhattan*, *The Big Street*
- 1943: *The Immortal Sergeant*, *The Ox-Bow Incident*
- 1946: *My Darling Clementine*
- 1947: *The Long Night*, *The Fugitive*, *Daisy Kenyon*
- 1948: *A Miracle Can Happen*, *Fort Apache*, *Jigsaw*
- 1949-1950: *Mister Roberts* (on Broadway and on tour)
- 1951-1952: *Point of No Return* (on Broadway and on tour)
- 1954: *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* (on Broadway)
- 1955: *Mister Roberts* (film)

Fonda, "we were shooting scene 34 or whatever it was. We rehearsed it and just before we were ready to take it, Victor took me aside and put his arm around my shoulder and said, 'Hank'—he didn't know quite how to say it—"you're mugging."

"That's a dirty word to me. I was in shock for a moment, but then I realized that I was giving the same performance I had been giving for months in the theater in New York. That's all that was ever said to me and I learned a big lesson, because that big lens of the camera is the audience; that's the back row and the front row and all the rows and the microphone there. In other words, on film you do it exactly the same way you would do it in reality.

The camera and the microphone do it for you. For me, this was just total heaven."

And Fonda's first movie reviews must have seemed like total heaven, too. Said Andre Senzwald in *The New York Times*: "Mr. Fonda, in his film debut, is the bright particular star of the occasion. As the virtuous farm boy, he plays with an immensely winning simplicity which

will quickly make him one of our most attractive screen actors."

That same year, '35, Fox wanted to re-team Fonda and Gaynor, but she withdrew from the film and was replaced by Rochelle Hudson in "Way Down East." And for Lily Pons' film debut, RKO arranged for

her to have nothing but the best, including Fonda, called by one critic "the most likable of the new crop of romantic juveniles."

Fonda's first film for Wanger was in 1936, the memorable *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, in which he played a mountaineer and co-starred with Sylvia Sydney and Fred MacMurray. This was the first outdoor Technicolor picture and a huge success. Another item of note in regard to this film: Al Capp once told Logan that young Fonda's face in this picture was the prototype for Li'l Abner!

"I remember when I first started working with Fred MacMurray in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*," said Fonda in *The Great Movie Stars* by David Shipman (Bonanza Books, 1970). "We had both sort of fallen into this, and we were talking about this fantastic money we were making and how, if we could only last two more years and put it in the bank, we could say the hell with 'em. And Hathaway [Henry Hathaway, director of the film] just laughed, saying we'd still be at it in—I don't recall, 20 years or something like that—and we both thought he was absolutely insane. But here we are, both of us. I think it's incredible."

His next film at Paramount was *The Moon's Our Home*. In 1937, he



In *MY DARLING CLEMENTINE* (1946), Roy Roberts opens the door for Wyatt Earp, Fonda's first screen role after his service in the Navy, and his first Western with Director John Ford.

Fonda's face was the prototype for Li'l Abner.

starred in *Wings Of Morning* and *You Only Live Once*. And also in 1937, he made *That Certain Woman* with Bette Davis. In '38 there was *Jessebel*; in '39 *Jesse James* (Fonda played brother Frank to Tyrone Power's Jesse). Fonda played Watson to Don Ameche's Alexander Graham Bell, but shied from playing Young Mr. Lincoln. "Lincoln was to me a god." But he agreed to do a test. And so after two or three hours in makeup where they put the nose and wart on and fixed his hair, Fonda did a scene. Then in a projection room the next day he saw the test. The actor looked like Lincoln, "then my voice came out and it destroyed it for me." And Fonda said, "I'm sorry, fellows. It won't work."

Months later, John Ford, not on the picture when Fonda had done his test, was assigned to direct it. And, as Fonda said in *Hollywood Speaks*, "I got a call to come in and see John Ford! Now I'd never met Ford. I knew his work. I'm a fan of Ford's, too. I remember going into his office the way a recruit would go in to see the admiral. That's the way I felt. I was a movie star. But I felt like a recruit, you know, with a white hat in my hand. He was typical Ford the first time. I've known him ever since, intimately, and I'll never forget: He looked up at me from under the hat he had on, and the patch on the eye, and either the handkerchief in his mouth or the pipe or whatever he was chewing on, and said, 'What the fuck is all this shit about you not wanting to play this part? He can only talk by using all the bad words! He said, 'You think you'd be playing the goddamn great emancipator, huh? He's a goddamn fucking jakelegged lawyer in Springfield, for Christ's sake!' He went on at more length, but what he did was to shame me into playing Young Mr. Lincoln, and that started the whole romance."

Also in '39, Ford and Fonda

teamed again for the lusty historical drama, *Drums Along The Mohawk*, which co-starred Claudette Colbert. Then came the film that Fonda said "is certainly one of the pictures I'm proudest to have been involved in. It was one of the greatest experiences of my life. I think it is one of the top things Ford did."

The picture? *The Grapes of Wrath*, which Howard Barnes in the *New York Herald Tribune* called "an honest, eloquent and challenging screen masterpiece... It is a genuinely great motion picture." Bosley Crowther included it, of course, in his book *The Great Films: 50 Golden Years of Motion Pictures*.

The director and both actors were up for Academy Awards. (Fonda: "When I was nominated I got out of the country. I went fishing off Mexico on John Ford's boat.") Ford and Darwell won. Fonda didn't; winner was James Stewart for *The Philadelphia Story*.

In a moving tribute to Fonda, Steinbeck once wrote of the time a friend had loaned him a 16-mm print of *The Grapes of Wrath*, "made well over twenty years ago. I was greatly reluctant to look at it. Times pass; we change; the urgency departs and this is called 'dating.'"

But I did thread the thing on my home projector and sat back to weather it out. Then a lean, stringy, dark-faced piece of electricity walked out on the screen, and he had me. I believed my own story again. It was fresh and happening and good. Hank Fonda can do that. He carries with him that excitement which cannot be learned."

One of the pictures he enjoyed on loan-out was Preston Sturges' brilliant 1940 comedy, *The Lady Eve*, with Barbara Stanwyck. She and Fonda made three films together. "I guess it was the best," said Fonda, "but all three were fun, mostly because of Barbara."

A Fox picture that Fonda liked was *The Ox-Bow Incident*, which both he and director William Wellman wanted to do, but, said Fonda, "It took long sessions of violent argument with Darryl Zanuck to get him to allow me to do it." Though it opened to great reviews, it wasn't popular with war-year audiences. Yet now it's deservedly considered a classic.

When Fonda got out of the Navy, he still owed Fox three pictures on his seven-year contract. So he teamed with Ford on their fourth picture but first Western together: *My Darling Clementine*, distinguished by Ford's deliberate direction, his famous stock company of actors, and Fonda's portrayal which is the definitive characterization of



Rochelle Hudson took over a star role in Fonda's second picture when Janet Gaynor withdrew from *WAY DOWN EAST* (1935).



Confrontation between the Captain and the Lieutenant: James Cagney and Henry Fonda in *MISTER ROBERTS* (1955), which marked Fonda's return to the screen after seven years on Broadway and tour.

Wyatt Earp. The last picture he made under his Fox contract was *Doxy* Kengon co-starring Joan Crawford in a film said *The New York Times*, "which would be a lot more obvious in the hands of less attractive players."

After playing his first unsympathetic role, a spit-and-polish colonel in Ford's *Fort Apache*, Fonda went to New York with a film project to seek play-doctoring advice from his friend Josh Logan, "but I arrived by chance on the day he and Tom Heggen finished the script of *Mister Roberts*."

"When you're doing a comedy, it is gratifying to hear people laughing from beginning to end," Fonda told an interviewer in 1965, "but most of the time when I have found the greatest excitement have been on empty stages, in empty theatres. In rehearsals, when you are first beginning to realize the possibilities in some scenes, you have moments which rival anything with a live audience. The first run-through of *Mister Roberts* was something I'll never forget. I just fell up emotionally thinking about it."

And the opening night at the Alvin Theatre February 19, 1948, was something others will never forget. Springer wrote that no opening night he ever attended "has ever been more exciting. The liter-

ally star-studded audience did not merely give the play an ovation. They shouted themselves hoarse. They stood on seats. The curtain kept going up as the actors took still another bow. But the audience wouldn't leave. Finally, Fonda made one of his rare curtain speeches: 'This is all Tom and Josh wrote for us. If you want, we can start all over again.' As John Chapman reported, 'I hung around awhile, hoping they would.'"

Plumbing the depths—that's the Fonda *modus operandi*. "All my performances are pretty well worked out.... My goal is that the audi-

ence must never see the wheels go around, not see the work that goes into this. It must seem effortless and real. I keep working...to make everything so real a part of the character that it never seems to be acting."

And does he succeed! For when he made the movie in 1955—he'd been on the stage for seven years (1,679 performances of *Mister Roberts*, two years with *Point of No Return* and one year with *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*)—critic William K. Zinsser wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune* that Henry Fonda "seems not to be acting *Mister Roberts* but to be *Mister Roberts*."

Variety, that famous show-business bible, included Fonda in its 1967 listing of the 50 most important male box office stars in the entire history of the screen.

Even so, for Fonda "there's very little personal satisfaction in doing those bits and pieces for a movie. You don't really have any recollection of having created a role." In *Films and Filming* (February, 1963) he said, "I haven't seen over half of my films, but in the ones that I have seen, even those received well critically and those that have won awards, there are things I wish I had had more chance to rehearse."

And Fonda has said: "The theater was my first love. It was. It is."

Which is good news for playgoers. For, as his friend Joshua Logan said, "...when Fonda smiles, the theater shines."

UPDATE: 1955 to 1974

Since *Mister Roberts*, Fonda has continued to star on both screen and stage. In '55 he returned to the Omaha Community Playhouse to co-star with Dorothy McGuire in *The Country Girl*, in which the ingenue was played by his daughter Jane. And his more than 30 films since then have included *War and Peace*, Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man*, *Twelve Angry Men*, which he co-produced, *The Longest Day*, *Advise and Consent*, *Fall Safe*, *The Best Man*, *The Battle of the Bulge*, *Once Upon a Time in the West*, *There Was a Crooked Man*, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, and *Ash Wednesday*. Stage appearances have included *Two for the Seesaw*, *Silent Night*, *Lonely Night*, *Critic's Choice*, *A Gift of Time*, *Generation*, and three plays with the Plumstead Playhouse (*Our Town*, *Front Page*, *The Time of Your Life*). On TV he was in *The Deputy* for two years, *The Smith Family* for one, and numerous specials, including Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley* and *The Red Pony*. In 1970 he was on a national tour with *Fathers Against Sons Against Fathers*. Now he's doing *Clarence Darrow*. In 1972 he received an award from the Charlotte Cushman Society (the oldest American theater society), honoring him as "a distinguished contributor to the vitality of the American Theater." Under consideration: the fabulous Fondas—Henry, Jane and Peter—appearing together in a production for the country's bicentennial.

A JAMES DEAN ALBUM

(Continued from page 33)

house drama, he was a bellboy suspected of being dishonest.

After reading the script of *East of Eden*, a property that Warner Brothers was having trouble in casting, Jane Deacy immediately started a campaign to get Dean the prize role of Cal Trask. She overcame Elia Kazan's doubts that her client was capable of handling the role.

Late in 1954 he started to work. Warner's publicity department gave him a "full treatment—with extras" press campaign. Dean rented an apartment which he shared with Dick Davalos, the actor who was playing his brother. He also became friendly with talent agent Dick Clayton who had taken on the task of handling Dean's contract business and his public relations.

East of Eden, based only on the final chapters of John Steinbeck's rambling novel, had a most opposite role for Dean; the unloved son of a self-righteous farmer whose wife had deserted her children for a life as a whorehouse madam. Dean, as the groping youth desperate to be loved and respected by the father he idolized, reached the hearts of everyone with his performance. Star and director, Kazan, who clashed often during the filming, were both nominated for Academy Awards.

While making *East of Eden*, Dean worked with Natalie Wood for the first time in a General Electric Theatre television production "I Am a Fool." Eddie Albert co-starred. Indirectly this teleplay led to Miss Wood's current popularity. It was on the strength of this performance—and the fact that she and Dean were a compatible team—that she was selected to appear in Nicholas Ray's *Rebel Without a Cause* which Warners rushed into production after studio executives had seen a rough cut of *East of Eden*.

When *Rebel Without a Cause* was

completed, Warners began negotiating a new contract for Dean. This agreement would pay him \$100,000 a film for seven years and would allow him to make outside pictures. Among the loanout deals being considered was an offer from MGM for him to play Rocky Graziano in *Somebody Up There Likes Me* and one from Paramount for the Jim Piersall role in *Fear Strikes Out*. Warners' plans included starring him in a Western about Billy the Kid in which the outlaw would not be depicted as a sympathetic character but as a baby-face, cold-blooded killer. There was also talk he would star in *Damn Yankees*. Dean anticipated working in these films, but his next film was his last. Oddly enough, he had never been seriously considered for the Jett Runk role in *Giant* until after Alan Ladd, director George Stevens' choice, rejected the part.



Dean's last television work was a role in a Schlitz Playhouse drama, "The Unlighted Road," which was telecast for the first time—May 6, 1955—the week principal photography started on his last motion picture. *Giant*, filmed partly on location in Marfa, Texas, is a 197 minute color spectacle based on Edna Ferber's popular novel. Bosley Crowther climaxed his rave review with, "It is the late James Dean who makes the malignant role of the surly ranch hand who becomes an oil baron the most tangy and corrosive in the film. Mr. Dean plays this curious villain with stylized spooki-

ness—a sly sort of off-languor and slur of language—that concentrates spite. This is a haunting capstone to the brief career of Mr. Dean."

In March, 1955 Dean had won the Palm Springs Road Race contest for production cars under 1500 cc. Once his scenes in *Giant* were completed his plan was to enter another race October 2, 1955 at Salinas, California. On Friday afternoon, two days before the race, he left Los Angeles for Salinas. Hiding with him was Rolf Wuetherich, a mechanic for the Porsche factory. Following in another car was Dean's close friend, photographer Sanford Roth. At a highway intersection 28 miles outside of Paso Robles Dean's car crashed into one driven by Donald Turnpuess, a student from Tulare. Turnpuess suffered only minor injuries in the collision. The mechanic suffered a broken leg and numerous head injuries. Dean, who had been driving his Porsche, died almost instantly. His average speed from Los Angeles had been more than 80 mph.

In February, 1956 Photoplay cited James Dean as the outstanding actor of 1955 for his performances in *Rebel Without a Cause* and *East of Eden*. That same month he received his first posthumous Academy Award nomination. Modern Screen voted him their "Special Achievement Award." Motion picture exhibitors announced that their patrons, in a national poll, named Dean as the best actor of 1955. A year later this same poll also placed Dean in the first position. The Hollywood Foreign Press Association voted him "The World's Favorite Actor." He won the 1956 English Academy Award. France awarded him a "Crystal Star" citation—the French Film Academy's highest honor. And in annual acting award honors given by Belgium, Finland, Japan and Germany, Dean won. In 1957 he was nominated for his second posthumous Academy Award. No other screen personality, dead or alive, has ever received so many accolades in so brief a time.

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Dear Reader...

Now that you have seen the premiere issue of our magazine, we'd like to hear from you. We'll welcome your comments on our efforts to bring you some pleasures from the past. It seems a great time to review—in our bicentennial era—the heritage of our yesterdays, the years that carried us from horse power to rocket power, from the earth to the moon. Some of us lived through all those years and are richer for having done so, and the rest of us have heard the stories second hand. But there are always things we have missed, events we would like to see and hear again. What do you remember deliciously? Write and tell us what you would like to see "Nostalgia-ized." Then pull up a comfortable seat, lean back and return with us each month to "those thrilling days of yesteryear."

The Editors

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF COMIC BOOKS

- Phantom Lady's patnotum: "America comes first—even before Dad"
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- How a Ph.D. psychologist dreamt up Wonder Woman. Its strange psychosexual mix
- The first Tarzan story: 95,000 words written in longhand on somebody else's stationery by a 35-year-old pauper
- Plastic Man and Hugh Hefner
- Triumphant researchers unearth a pre-Disney Mickey and Minnie Mouse
- It came from Lafayette Street: the birth of *Mad*
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- Little Orphan Annie's radio boyfriend: Why Joe Cornsteadt was created
- Madam Fatal: here in drag
- Turnabout is fair play "The Lonely Dungeon" (*Mystery Tales* #18) "proves" that the monster created Dr. Frankenstein
- New York Magazine brings back *The Spirit*
- The schizophrenia of the EC symbol: Education Comics (*Picture Stories from the Bible*) and Entertaining Comics (*Hunt of Fear*, etc.)
- Carl Barks' life at the Disney Studios: "I was just a duck man—strictly a duck man"
- Radio at its best—the opening chant of Superman
- Comic book wartime slogan: "Tin Cans in the Garbage Pile Are Just a Way of Saying 'Hell!'"



Well, it wasn't great literature (gasp!), but we all read it. On a lazy summer afternoon, the only sound heard in the land was the flipping of comic-book pages at Pop's soda fountain, or under the old elm tree (remember elms?).

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